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1883





Class LD 4604

Book 1883

HISTORY

—OF—

THE CLASS OF '83,

—OF—

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

*Princeton university. Class of 1883.*  
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BY OTTO CROUSE, CLASS HISTORIAN.

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—JUNE, 1883.—



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## PREFACE.

AN INTRODUCTION to the History of '83 were a useless task. It is too well known to you all—it was made by you. The object of the simple narration of events which follows, is to keep ever fresh in your memories the most notable occurrences of four of the happiest and, we trust, most profitable years of your lives. I have not aimed at a mere chronological record of events; I have not attempted a philosophical history, penetrating into the cause and effect of what has here transpired. The motive underlying every act must be sought by the reader, while the results may be clearly discerned. I have made it my endeavor to stifle the imaginative faculty, and to lay before you the plain, unvarnished facts. Some, doubtless, have received an undue share of praise, while the record of the noble deeds of many have been left unnoticed. For these defects your Historian prays forgiveness. For the material aid he has received, he most heartily thanks those who have given their cheerful assistance. From those whose feelings are herein wounded, pardon is craved: Their record stands before the eyes of their class-mates as they made it. Four years of toil, fun and frivolity have knit us together a united band. Nothing has ever arisen to sever the bond which binds us close together. We have made the voyage safely, we have landed our bark at the haven of graduation. In our moments of joy let us recall the memory of those who have already stepped out upon the world's stage, and, above all, of those four unseen flowers of our shattered wreath. Three

fell in our early course, and one after the brunt of half the battle had been faced. Their memories we cherish dearly. They were as one of our brotherhood.

Our earnest wish is that the lives of which our class is composed may prove worthy of Old Nassau; that when the final roll-call is heard, we may all, with one harmonious voice, respond in accents telling of lives well spent and battles bravely won.



# CLASS HISTORY.

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## Fresh Year.

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Verdant we as meadow grass,  
In Nassau Hall four years to pass—  
Exceeding green, but a “foine, foine class.”  
Fresh! Fresh!! Fresh!!!

WHAT a day it was! Over a hundred raw atoms of humanity, from every village, farm, and city on the continent, pouring open-mouthed and open-eyed, down the Old Chapel aisle, and stumbling with a broad grin into the seats where, for four years, they were to vex the tutor and perplex the Prof. Gazing on ourselves, with retrospective view, as we developed from Dan Dod and Billie Agnew to Clin Day, and from him to Ned Peace, we wonder what we were. Think of Brownie Seguin, who, amid the levees of New Orleans, yet found time to imitate him of the sunflower and the lily; of Wad, the silent masher of the base ball arena; of the twins of old Rome, Romulus and Remus, the inseparable musical couplet, suffering from an organ-ic disease, which they could not overcome; of Duane, the Newtonian mathematician, vociferous in speech, plenteous in sideboards; Perry, the “class crew” and class masher of the Jersey coast; of Jack Hodge, yesterday, to-day, and forever, the litterateur, the society leader, the financier of our motley brotherhood;—glance, I say, at this conglomerate mass of recency, and then sigh with the poet—

I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me,  
As I ponder upon that mixed-up mass  
Which is known as Eighty-three.

We must do our older comrades of Nassau the justice to say that they never lost an opportunity to remind us of our recent emerging from the shell—opportunities, alas! too frequently given, and as readily seized upon, but of which a few will suffice.

Once upon a time a youth of woful countenance, and as bashful as his remote ancestor Peter, when the cock crew, sidled into our sanctum and offered us an extra number of *The Princetonian* and one share in Lord John's Butter Company. Surprised at his liberality, we questioned the gentle lad, and found, to our horror, that he sought to bribe us! It seems that when he had just arrived, and the bloom of Monmouth apple-blossoms still lingered on his cheek, he had meandered down to the Gym. Like Zaccheus, "small of stature," he passed unnoticed mid the giddy throng. With careful eye he inspected the dislocating apparatus of the Olympic aspirants. Yes, he concluded that the bathtubs were too few for the Faculty, but the fellows would line them a hundred deep; that the boxes were too large for lunch-baskets, but too small for sarcophagi; that the dumbbells were made of some opaque material;—all this was clear as noonday to his precocious intellect. But when he stumbled over the sponges in the bowling-alley, the soul of Peter sank within him. Gently, softly, he pranced up to a lord of '82, and modestly asked the use of those huge zoöphytes? The Sophomoric brow contracted, and Peter departed thence, to indite a letter to his loving parents, wherein he stated that "the Sophomores were too utterly disobliging," for he had only just discovered that "they didn't use sponges to sponge off Freshmen."

Then there was Harsha. Early in '79 he announced himself a sensationalist—a Talmagian of the first water. Three nights he pondered with sleepless eye. "A scheme! a scheme! O, Bob, my diploma for a scheme!" On the fourth night the inspiration came. Clad as thinly as Archimedes, he cried "Eureka!" Baldwin's reply to this out-



burst has been forgotten. Undaunted by his incivility, Pard explained: "Boys, you see this *New York Herald*? I light it, rush to the door, and give the alarm of fire. The whole College awakes, the fire department comes up. Behold!" There was a flash, a blaze, and the silent halls of East rang with the cry of "fire!" But there was no further sound save the echo from West. Again the amateur basso of the coming choir bellowed forth the dread alarm. But with sorrow we state it—not a person showed his head—not an engine thundered along the stony street. Only from East came the heartless cry of two brutal Sophs, "Cork up, Fresh! Go to bed!" And so ended the first and last sensation. The *Heralds*, thereafter, reposed quietly in the corner and Harsha hid his diminished head.

Once more. Soon after arriving, Phil announced that he was from Lehigh University; that he left there with recommendations—not to return; had a letter of introduction which was going to carry him through Junior year, safe in the arms of Science and Religion; that he came to Princeton only to take first honor and read Blackstone. All this he duly and gravely impressed on the minds of his fellow-sufferers, and was rewarded with the title of D. F., given him by the Sophs, whereat he rejoiced with exceeding great glee, supposing, as he said, that it meant Doctor of Fine Arts. Whatever it did mean, he knew it applied. A case of adult ambition, but chronic infancy.

Well, he got the Blackstone, but first honor he missed by a large majority. And, in connection with the loss of that honor, I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would—yet stay! Before he had had his first dry shave and begun to cultivate a budding beard—just then he became acquainted with Borgmeyer. Now, one of the introspective, deep-thinking mind of Hicks, would ascribe the shearing of his honors to this rash acquaintance; let us, however, gaze upon the gloom of Princeton as it rose illumined by the electric light of Philadelphia's oracle on its first arrival

there. Borgy, on whom our historical wrath must shortly fall, enticed this guileless youth into reconnoitering and "taking account of stock." And hark! on the listening ear of night, how softly fall the Franco-Germanic sounds, which softly flow o'er Queenston; mark the sad melody which flows from Herr Borgmeyer's tongue, and amid it all, the sapient words of Furman Shephard Phillips, D. F., ex-Lehigh University. Then! fellow-man, ask yourself if it is wonderful that Blackstone and first honor were forgotten, or that Borgy hastened to procure the several pictures of each individual sister of his, wherewith to deck the walls of 4 S. E., until he could burglarize the Hightstown Gallery. That night was the end of Phil. His mind ever after soared aloft, and, save in the æsthetic, dwelt on fast horses alone.

"Can auld acquaintance be forgot?"

And, most of all, the memory of the recitation room of G. Bruce Halsted? Either one of the Seven Wise Men or the expectorating Cam, or else Bob Burdette, said that "some men are wise and some are otherwise," and in the latter class perhaps we may place our mental photograph of Bruce, with feet cocked up and firing modern ideas at his hapless hearers. G. Bruce! how many a memory clings around that name, parted as it is in the middle! How that Fleming sought an immortality, and he of the silver tongue from the Keystone State Fell so firstly! Este Fisher, too, he sought to cap our Halsted's jokes with such success that murmurs from the guardian deity of the third heaven came down. And even while our gentle G. B. sought but to show the class how to turn an orange inside out without breaking the skin, lo! behind his placid back there whizzed an apple core, aimed by the practiced hand of Harsha, which impinged upon the Doctor's flowing locks at the critical angle, and passing innocuously away, was unseen. Q. E. D. This gave us the proof of the fourth dimension without the diagram. For, the skin being unbroken, it only behooved G. Bruce to get

outside his own skin with rage, which cost the unhappy Fisher two disorder marks, on "general principles."

Was there ever a class free from oddities? Take Landis. Who leaps with nobler bound than he at first honor, when there is "filthy lucre" therein? When not so striving, he diverted his massive brain to the *Boys of New York* and the consideration of dime novels. Again, Père was all right—he had no idea of tossing his brain from frying-pan to fire in order to gratify the *οἱ πολλοί*, unless he saw a mathematical fellowship casting its shadow before him. The *auri sacra fames* devoured him, and he generally reveled in what he received—more than an honest sire could make in a twelve-month.

But of all the "cakes taken" in our tad-pole year, far surpassing queer, eccentric Landis, is Mindo George Vulcheff, one time resident of the Moorish Tusculan Villa. He kept by himself, laboring only under harmless delusions.

Now, as to Vulcheff, he was happy as could be; he looked Fresh; he acted Fresh; can any one wonder that there was a yell of laughter about his lost old hat, when his notice read thus?—

NOTICE! MISTAKE!

He who did the mistake will call at him whose hat he mistook, in the Library, and corrected it, or leave it with North College, No. 1.

Or again,

LOST!!

He what took the hat by the Library inside, will correct it with me right away in my room.

MINDO VULCHEFF.

But we regret to state that the unhatted Vulcheff never recovered his hat nor his co-ed. prep. smitten heart.

And again, gazing back over the changing kaleidoscope of four years of college life, we see some other figures not to be forgotten in eighty-three. Colt, of Babylon! unearthed by Layard, exile from home. Lucy, of the Setting Sun! Like Mark Twain, they wandered innocently abroad, and so

strayed into the devouring arms of Bick and Flick at billiards. "Oysters?" said Bick. "'Tis done," said the exile, and "Yea," said the Maiden. Their diminished pocket-books warned them of the dangers of the fast-rolling ball, and they were glad to stop when Bick proposed that he and Flick set up the oysters, if the two innocents do the same by "Mumm's Extra Dry." "Why, yes!" said Colt. The oysters were devoured, and the happy four ambled in peace toward Hankins', to gaze on the hissing, bubbling, uncorked Mumm; the two babes in the wood naturally supposing that their ransom was only the price of four raws. "Why," said Colt, "we'll do anything that's right and fair," and thought that half a dollar would make it square. But, alas! when each innocent fired down his half dollar, when Bick and Flick had collared each his bottle, how sadly fell the faces of the Maiden and the Exile when Hankins blandly remarked "Three dollars!" Colt and Lucy each gazed at each other. Each wept silently, and each implored Hankins for time. And since that time, though the Exile has wandered afar from the path of virtue, though the Maiden has met with many an unmaidenly adventure, they have never stumbled into a "right and fair" deal again. But the heart-broken looks with which they gazed on each other as they felt their well-worn, empty pockets, can never be forgotten.

And now I approach that most indescribable of all earthly gatherings—a Fresh Class Meeting. An instantaneous photograph would no more do justice to it than a simultaneous view of Sammy's and G. Bruce's recitation rooms. At that, this momentous gathering, naturally, Royle was chosen Chairman on account of his charming *tout ensemble*. Way was made Vice-President because he thought Royle might die soon, and Hodge, being of a pecuniary nature, became Treasurer. And then arose the blushing Walter Green—"he didn't want the office of Historian—but he thought the class ought to have one—and if he were so honored, he would do his little do—and didn't want the

class to think—but if they pressed”—and they did press the unhappy verdant Green to be seated! But they elected him, from sympathy. Behind Prof. Hunt's desk stood Shorty, and so much resembled our revered instructor that he was elected for the term. The room was fragrant with "Sweet Caporal"—the Sophs were yelling "Fresh!"—forty men were on the floor—in short, the Freshman was in his glory—for Matt was not there.

Amid the confused Babel of cries, of appeals to the Chairman, of requests, more forcible than elegant, to "Sit down!" to "Shut up!" still amid all this uproar came the voice of the Mormon, "keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the beating of a rhetoric on the desk," until he saw it was useless, and subsided into his curule chair. And then arose the form of Rudd. Said he: "Mr. President and gentlemen, I feel forced to get up this afternoon (come off!)—I say I feel forced to say a word. Now the crew are here (No! No!) and they sit here; but, Mr. President, I think we ought to take our hats off, because we are expecting a great deal from our crew—but they shouldn't smoke when they come to class-meeting—and I feel forced to say that we are expecting—" but right here the class had resolved itself into an indignation meeting, and the whole crew decided to have the nuisance abated, or to abolish class meetings. Class meetings were not abolished. And Rudd never came up again prominently before the class until lacrosse came into vogue.

Then the class wanted a constitution—why, it would be no class without a constitution. So we drew on the legislative abilities of the class, but alas! no constitution came forth, and we drifted Rudd-erless on the shores of '83.

Along in October, we were all thrown into a state of the greatest excitement and indignation. The cause thereof was the issue of '82's proclamation, graciously granting us permission to carry canes on and after a certain fixed date. We had neglected to issue our proc., giving these same



Sophomores our gracious permission to issue theirs. It was now too late to do this, and the Freshman dignity was much wounded. To be sure, no one was willing to admit that the proc. was worth anything. Why, certainly not. It merely said we would "Rue the Day," and a few other things of that sort that only showed the littleness of the Sophomoric intellect. But, nevertheless, something must be done. '83 could not—must not bear the insult. But when was ever nation in difficulties that some hero did not spring upon the scene of action? Rome had her Cincinnatus, '83 had her Preach Hawes. Nay, '83 had two heroes. It is with pride that our humble pen inscribes the name of Duck Karner. Pach had just erected a new studio by the depot; and thither these two intrepid spirits went one dark night, accompanied by paint-pot and brush. When morning dawned, the College gazed in amazement upon the motto, painted in huge white letters upon the brown side of the studio—

"'82, CLASS OF ASSES."

The day was won! Our dignity was preserved! And Preach and Duck placed '83 under a debt of gratitude that four long years has been unable to repay.

When Dick Norris entered the class, he roomed with Green—not S'Green, the "wreck of the Jersey coast," but Green, the Jay Gould of '83. Dick was not always modest and bashful. He had within him those qualities which make a society man, and which first shone out so brilliantly at the Fresh reception. His conversation with his room-mate was refined and polished, and Green at once saw that, like Alexander, he had only to weep for other worlds to conquer. Ergo, Dick made his *début* in Princeton society with all the prospects of an accidental Czar. Boldly he strode within, meekly he sat down within, peacefully staid within. Like Homer's goddess of morning, the rosy-fingered aurora suffused his maiden cheeks. Nervously he jerked at his cuffs, spasmodically he strove to settle

his cravat, and how pitifully he smiled. Ever and anon would break in on the silence such words as "Why, Mr. Norris, how utterly alone you seem." "Yes'm," he faltered. "The weather is only too lovely, Mr. Norris, or do you prefer the soft and soothing airs of Summer?" "Ya-as, I think I should like it." Eye-glasses to the fore—cuffs pulled down—cravat adjusted. "I surmise, Mr. Norris, that your thoughts often wander into the unknown, beatific days when you will have migrated beyond the misty line which bounds the days of comparative verdancy from those which stand the test of knowledge, gained through sad experience. Do you not?" "Well, I don't know, but I heard Walter say something about it the other day."

"In fact," she continued, "dear sir, are you not

‘Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet  
Womanhood and childhood sweet?’

In other words, Mr. Norris, you are a Freshman, are you not?"

One more pull at collar and cuffs. Dick stood it until the beads stood upon his noble brow, even as he has seen the father of apple bead in a later day. He fixed his vitreous optic on the door, and, seeing his chance, slid out, hurried to his room, where, by the nine gods, he swore that the great houses of Princeton should see him never more. Then unto the house of Riley, whose patronym is Pat, he sold his evening dress suit, and went content with that. A part he sold for "sweet caps," a part he sold for "night caps." The rest he took to Trenton on which his soul is bent on.

We were treated like all Freshman classes. We were hooted at, "right-lefted," and sold at auction; we were the subjects of many other equally harmless, but extremely exasperating, attentions. As a rule, we took all these in good

part. To be sure, Ed. Royle and Fred Rutan were known to retaliate, by throwing back the taunt, "Soph! Soph!" But they were exceptions. However, when '81 proposed a rush, it was gladly acceded to; for there existed in every one of us a deep sense of wrong and a strong desire to vent our spite upon—yes, to utterly annihilate—those haughty Sophs. The time and place were settled. At ten o'clock on the evening fixed, eighty Freshmen were formed in compact line. But time was wasted in discussion, as it always is. And, just as we were starting, the great figure of Matt appeared, and we were ordered to disperse. We waited as long as possible, and then disbanded. Some one shouted, "Lover's Lane!" And to Lover's Lane we started, on a dead run. The Junior's were there. Our line was formed anew on Mercer street, and deputations were sent to find '82. But '82 was not to be found. It seems that Matt, after our sudden departure, had started in quest of the Sophs. And they, ordered home, like good children, had departed. For over half an hour, excited and determined, we stood in firm, solid line. And it was not till the news of '82's dispersion was fully confirmed that we broke ranks and went home. We were disappointed: and another rush was being secretly arranged. But Matt was anxious to avoid the danger consequent upon a rush, and one afternoon we were informed that a rope had been provided, and the two lower classes were at liberty to try their strength in a rope pull. The idea was a novel one; and at the appointed time the two lower classes were present in large force, back of Wither-  
spoon. The rope was produced, a great steamboat hawser, apparently—and the fun began. At the word, every man exerted all his strength. A moment, and the rope gave. Thinking we had pulled over our antagonists, we started a cheer, which prematurely died, as every man dropped heavily to the ground. The rope had broken. That seemed to settle the matter for the present. We stopped to await developments, but not so, '82. While we were standing unconcern-



edly by, the Sophs were hurriedly gathering up the rope. Urged by a desire to balk '82 in anything, although we did not know the meaning of their movements, we at once laid hold of a small piece lying near; but not until the larger portion had in some mysterious way disappeared. The contest waxed exciting. Small trees near the Gymnasium were utilized as stanchions to wind the rope about. Great were the deeds of strength and valor! Many were the Freshman who released their hold only when their faces grew black under the choking grasp of one Sophomore giant! We retained about 100 feet of the rope; '82 had twice that amount. But '82 did not secure their portion by strength and pluck, but by simply carrying it off before we realized that any honor lay in retaining it. On examination it turned out that the rope had not broken, but was cut; and not only that, but was cut within '82's line. So that it looks very much as if the Sophs, fearing our larger numbers and greater weight, had planned the affair with a view to getting an advantage over us, which we did not know was considered an advantage. Our portion was taken to 1 E. M. W., occupied by George Way and Jenny, and there cut up and distributed as mementoes; while without, a howling crowd of Sophs gazed in through the windows. The next week, a young Tennyson published in *The Princetonian* the following:

"They broke that little rope in two,  
And Matt was sad.

The Faculty's pacific scheme into wild riot grew,  
And Matt was mad."

Eighty-three will never forget her base ball record of seventy-nine. Wadleigh, Barclay, Noble, Jim Harlan, Rutan, Hardecastle, Shanklin, Walter Green and Buck Antrim constituted the nine. Flint dropped base ball shortly after his arrival and polled for recreation. The common belief is that he became weary of this endeavor. Eighty and eighty-one were played in succession. The maroon of

'83 was afloat, but the vicissitudes of fortune forbade us the victory. The opera blue and silver gray of eighty-two were still to be met in combat. The Sophs turned out in full force and heartily applauded our nine—in every error. The maroon was not half so loud as the opposing colors, and so the game was “rattle.” At the close cheers and hisses were mingled. Eighty-two were sure to win, but—! But, alas! for eighty-two! And, so, in September, the last state of the Sophs was worse than the first, and the joyful Freshmen carried away its rare and exceptional honor of disciplining the Second year. The result was but a foreshadowing of '83's future career in the world of sports, and well has she sustained her quadrennial renown.

When Jerry Haxall first took his seat in Dr. Halsted's room at his virgin recitation, no one foresaw the flute-like soul of Campanini which abode within him, or saw the vista which spread before him o'er his college course. There was nothing sufficiently *feline* about him to show his affinity to the *Tiger*, and it may be safely said that he was neither single nor twin, for he was a Triplet. When he softly remarked that he was “unprepared on the first book, sir,” Bruce's mustache began to bristle. “College is no place, sir, for a man,” he sternly said, “who cannot respond to my exceedingly simple interrogations. You are large enough to know better.” A crimson flush came o'er the face of Jerry, which slowly faded as he dimly foresaw the ninety-eight which he was to receive at Christmas examination.

But Trip was not to sojourn in this “very valley of Humiliation.” The deadly grip which rested on his nascent lip-protector revealed the fact that his teeth were set in fell determination. His first strike was the Glee Club, and then, like him of Macedon, he sighed for other worlds to conquer. He found one in less than a month, for just then a phrenologist ambled into town, and not only electrified the Triplet by telling him he had the most Apollo-like physique of any man in Nassau, but a Jove-shaped brain. He forgot George

Fleming. This fired the Southern heart, and that night amid his myrmidons he quaffed the flowing bowl to that classic brow.

Mirabile dictu ! That symmetrical cranium soon began to lose its rounded outline. It grew, it swelled, it increased, and ere long it felt the need of outer air. Borden was visited, and under his inspiring influence a happy thought flashed in the Haxallian brain. He would ascend a tree-box which adorned the side-walk before his beloved's domicile, and there, in the balmy hours of night, would warble a serenade. The scene was peaceful. Even Este Fisher, who was supporting the tree, murmured indistinctly, "Boysh, keep shtill and let 'im shing." Soon the air was resonant with the silver notes of an unsurpassed tenor, "Oh, why art thou not near me, O my love?" "Yes, I'll be near you, idiot!" and down came an avalanche of water. They had stumbled over the wrong residence, and there was no music in the owner's soul. The echo to the splash of fluid was Wad's contemplative "D—n fool! he might have known better."

It was shortly after this that the mashing proclivities of Jim Archer reached their growth. He resembled Rendall, the mighty masher of '81, yet there is a variance. Jim had just pranced out on his maiden mashing tour, and, near the Methodist Church, his radiant eyes fell on a couple of Eve's fairest daughters. He settled his eye-glass, hemmed and hawed slightly—and, like Cæsar, he rushed across the Rubicon! Stealing softly to their side, with less embarrassment than he afterward showed in the palmy South when he offered to "assist" a damsel in the giddy waltz, he greeted them with all the chivalry of his Southern blood. But, lo! behind him lurked the dusky forms of Flint and Fell, unseen by James, whose thoughts were elsewhere. No sooner had he addressed his charmers, than there rang on the evening air the cry which not long after set Rendall on a "go-as-you-please." Jim, fearing the consequences, fled from his

enchantresses like the gazelle, sped through the yielding clay, down by the base-ball grounds, past Prof. Young's house, and at last sank in utter exhaustion within his room. Next day Flint congratulated Archie on his kindness in leaving the maidens, and drew from each pocket an overshoe which James had lost in his wild retreat, at the same time setting him wild by informing him of the noble time that he and Fell had passed with those radiant demoiselles after his flight. But for this slight incident, the Belair masher might have pursued the even tenor of his College way in peaceful, unremarked repose. However, his nervousness again came forth at the White Sulphur Springs, whereof it is written in the chronicles of the West Middle Witherspoon gang, yeleft '83's *Blunderbuss*.

Amidst these minor things, the class was winning the fame which was due to the brilliancy of its powers. Cane spreeds had bloomed and faded, and to our sorrow we must say, many canes had faded with them. The same pranks were played, the same verdancy bloomed forth, and so, when Landy Green appeared on the Campus, with somewhat peculiar gait, two Sophomores fell upon him, and lightened his weight by removing from his trouser-leg a cane which he had carefully inserted therein for purposes of practice.

Again, Borgy appears on the stage. He and Dunning had wandered forth one Saturday, and meeting a bramble-bush, concluded to cut a cane and, *proh pudor!* carry it into town. Dunning advised his exuberant companion not to pack that cane, but he shouldered it, not recognizing the philosophy of his Teutonic comrade. Cane in hand, he strode the streets of Princeton with the same majestic air with which he proposed three cheers for Dr. Prime in Examination Hall. Soon he reached the entrance to the Campus which faces Dr. Duffield, all the while rejoicing in his valor. In fact, he was the Achilles of '83. But he ceased his glee when Critchlow, and a few other fellow would-be bruisers of '82, came on the scene, and a foot race was the conse-

quence. Now Borgy, being built like one of his national Dutch galleons, somewhat broad in the beam, is not built for fast-sailing, and while 'twas worth ten years of peaceful life to gaze upon the fray, the remorseless clutch of '82 tore from the grasp of Borgy his baculus, and he departed a sadder and a wiser man. One of Borgy's few faults was that he never could see why he and the class could not agree.

When the first mad whirl of joining College had died away, before the verdant eye of '83 arose the Spree of Horns. The mere fact that several of '82 had prematurely departed from our classic shades because of such an outburst, only lent fresh charm to the idea.

'Twas Friday night. Midnight was over town. Long before that hour there were gathered on the Campus knots of resolute youth, some reckless, some fortified with a touch of Dutch courage, some quaking at the prospect of a visit to the ancestral mansion, but all with horn in hand, bent on the fray. As the ranks closed up, wonder was shown that George Washington was there. It must be he! the size, the voice, the color, were those of George. But when it was found that Harsha had anointed himself with burnt cork, a mighty laugh arose amid that Freshman band. It may be that his mad ambition to orate on G. W., February 22d, had prompted him to darken his visage—who can say? So writes Historian Green, and so he tells “how the starry night lay soft and still, how the eternal planets looked down from their ethereal dome, how a hundred hearts beat fast and glad, and gathered for the Feast of Trumpets.”

As the last shock of twelve died on the air of night, there floated forth a strain of music. Some of you may have listened to St. John's attempt at “Home, Sweet Home,” on his organ, or hearkened to the Class Glee Club addressing “The Morning Sun” in discordant tones. But this was naught! Under the leadership of Jim Harlan, a hundred horns broke forth in melody, causing Prof. Hunt to think



that the days when the rams' horns sounded in front of Jericho had returned. A silence fell, and then again the chorus sounded. Cam was not forgotten, nor the tutors, and what was lacking in response was fully made up in greeting. The army drew near the Campus, and Bruce awoke to hear the doleful sound. Matt, the ubiquitous, however, dawned upon the gang, and before his burly form the stars of '83 vanished like the dying sparks of a rocket, Matt representing the stick or propelling power. And then arose the shout "On to the Prep.!" In close array, eight furlongs marched the host eastward, thoughtfully removing the water-cart as a Gatling gun. In truth, it was a noble sight! Half a dozen forms hauling on that old cart, the rest yelling like madmen. When Prep. was reached, the watering cart was carefully deposited in its natural fluid, with the tongue protruding from the surface of the lake, and, according to ancient custom, a bon-fire arose. The stock of corn-stalks was not abundant just then, that is, the labors of the tillers of the soil had not been rewarded as well as usual, but under the arms of the invading host, the fire was fed. Like the clapper of College, the Prep. gate required replenishing with each succeeding year, and the Fall of '79 was no exception. True, the wild words of the Prep. guardian fell with appalling force upon us, but he might as well have stayed the devouring flame which lit the scene as stay '83 in its mad career. When nothing but the hinges of the gate remained, the line of march was taken some three hundred and twenty rods toward the Athenian institution, known as the Scientif. Felonies were perpetrated. The borough tax was raised by our thoughtfulness in enlarging the escape of corporation gas. On the return march, care was taken to remove the gates along the route to save trouble in passing out, which drew forth blessings next morning from many a devout heart, which was grateful that it was not a gate.

So ended the Horn Spree. It comes but once. To some it comes once too often. The Fates were with us, Matt was not, hence our undivided band.

It has been said that our base ball conflict with '82 was but a *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, affair, but to the close observer it will be seen that our real strength was in our feet—foot-ball! One defeat was enough to settle the gentle soul of '82. They found they were short of pluck at athletics, and so relieved themselves in the Fresh Proc. Our Fresh team was as follows: Rushers—Fleming, Way, P. Peace, Wanamaker, Karner; Quarter-back—Rogers; Half-backs—Harlan, Haxall, Baker, E. Peace; Back—Hodge. They appeared first at Lawrenceville. Now, one would suppose it difficult for the fellows to stop at this half-way house 'twixt Nassau and the Legislative Halls of the Assanpink, whither we have wandered oft to gaze on the colossal grandeur of the Capitol of the State. But on this seventh day of November, '79, we gathered in force; we halted; soft whispers had floated through our ears that at Lawrenceville was a Fem. Sem. Notwithstanding the fact that Antrim and St. John, the giddy, had frequently inflicted themselves on the easily-mashed hearts of the co-eds. of Hightstown, yet a gallant band was mustered there from '83, who lent their countenance to the first foot-ball game of the class, and their beaming smiles to the "airy, fairy Lilians" who gathered thereto. Like the "colored troops," the Preps. fought nobly, but when the dark and bloody fray was o'er, they had only zero to place by our goal and six touch-downs. Columbia next tried the mettle of the Fresh team of '83, at Hoboken. The powers of Harlan and Peace sent terror to the heart of the City of Pretzels, and so they sought the safety game. Early in the second half, a most notable decision was made by the referee, to wit: that Wanamaker failed to make a touch-down by half an inch, which he gauged by the extent of his knowledge. But the boys rallied—a rush was made, and two goals and one touch-down to a zero plus four safeties justified the triumphant cheer of Princeton. So ended '83's foot-ball year of Fresh. We had met the enemy and they were ours. Peaceful though he was, we must lay a garland

on our comrade's brow. Bolder rusher never met the foe, better captain never led his host to the fray.

2 S. E.! What memories rise! Here the wealth of Barclay vanished for peanuts at poker; here the gorge of Baldwin rose at his first cigarette; here Murdoch borrowed his first taste of the filthy weed; here the jovial occupants of East put in seven days, at ten hours per day, each revolving week. In fact, the question often arose, "Who owns this room?" Halsted gave it out as an "optional" during second term, but the results were all theoretical and approximate, being based on the *Bric-à-Brac* and Catalogue. 2 S. E. glittered with costly furniture. Here Hicks, imagining an unseen foe within the sleeping-room, wildly cried, "I am worth a million! With these hands I slew three men by blue Pacific shores!"

The events of that apartment would fill a whole edition of a dime novel. One thing I must tell, for the face of Soc Murdoch blushed thereat for the first and only time. It was no unusual night; the usual gang was there, the usual programme gone through with, the usual College jokes were committed. But a retrospective gloom abode above the pensive soul of Hicks, while others rejoiced; besides Lucy, the only blushing damsel within that smoke-compelling Freshman crowd, Peter Rue and Soc Murdoch gazed through the smoke. When Hicks recovered from his darksome mood, the customary circus began. Out went the light, fast and furious flew the cushions, yet these irresistible bodies met an immovable body in the shape of Hicks' head. He sought to flee, but the door was shut. He having sought another resting-place, the cushions again rained upon that soft and tender head, the subject of debate for four long years, until, in a rage, he was allowed to escape. One would naturally think that here the curtain would fall, but it was only Act I, Scene I. Scene II opens on the hall of S. E. twenty minutes later, the voice of Hicks screaming "Hallowa! Bob!" Being answered, he said that he had no



use for Bob, but wanted to know if Bob was there. Then Vic appears once more, and in Scene III recites in tragic tones "The Raven," and gives a thrilling picture of Bates, a pedagogue of Frisco, who ever termed him by the endearing name of "unsophisticated ass." The hot blood of the West was at its fever heat; the "Casey Social Club" was done up in true dramatic style, and, unobserved, Harlan slipped forth, and returning, rapped with vigorous rap upon the door. The whisper, "Matt," caused an exodus; Jim asked for Hicks, and when told that Hicks was not there, persisted. A fear fell on all, save Harsha and a few other gallant spirits. Lucy did not scare, but only hid himself from maiden modesty, yet, dimly outlined in the gloom, his No. 14's stuck forth. Hicks sought concealment beneath a card-table, three by two, but broke it down. Then he fled to the window, but the wire screen forbade such exit. He was the similitude of misery. And all the time Jim abode without, hammering on the door and calling aloud the name of Hicks. Vic had donned his ulster and sought the lowly retreat beneath the bed, but this was already occupied by Soc and Peter. At last Jim departed and Vic was advised to slide out of his clothes and glide gently to his couch. It need not be said that he covered four steps at each bounding leap. But when he reached the fifth floor, alas! his key was gone. He entered the coal-bin, lay there, enjoyed the coal dust for an hour and a half, and then, finding his key, emerged a dirtier man, and sought his bed without disrobing. To this day, Vic is sure that it was Matt, and smiles with scorn at any other wise theory. When the heat of battle had subsided, two men of '83 were gone—Pete and Soc. But soon they emerged from the bed-room, and piteously asked if Matt had gone, and if he had spotted all the fellows. *Soc blushed moistly*; suffice it to say that the shelter they sought was not large enough for two. Peter was carried home, and came with trembling step toward chapel in the early morn. Soc

thought it a close shave. Pete told his father that his health would probably require a short vacation soon.

There are many other stories of the old room, but space forbids. Days of pleasure passed in that Eastern palace, and, during the April vacation, it was the scene of the revelry calling forth *The Princetonian* wit in the well-known article "Heauton Timouroumeuos."

Again Jerry steps forth. It was the time when he and Phil Peace roomed at Mrs. Smith's, down beyond the depot. He had been out—perhaps to a protracted meeting of two. It amounted to that, anyhow, for when he got back to the house he naturally couldn't find his keys. They were not in his watch, which he thought was the only pocket he ever carried them in. Up and down the board-walk he strode, gently murmuring, "Oh, no; I'll never get so any more," until Phil recognized those angel tones, and dashing open the window, cried, "What wash the matter?" When Jerry told his pitiful tale, the keys of Philip fell upon his head. He lay prostrate. Two fellows, passing by, investigated Jerry and found him flat on mother earth, seeking the lock. They told him that the key-hole was more likely to be in the door than in the grass. Strange to say, Phil soon saw the trouble, and, as he had been up all night before polling taxidermy, his only study, his head was not upon the level. He took his lamp; he held it from the window, saying, "Trip, here's the lamp; take it, and you can find 'em." Jerry raised such a howl that the lamp didn't come, but Phil did, unarmed, unprotected and unclad, and received the missing sheep within the fold.

Around Old East howled the blasts of Winter; from their state of verdancy the boys had not yet emerged. Two S. E. was a mystery, but the town poster remarked that a concert would be given by four escaped convicts from '83. Here lay the mystery. The wild guesses previously made, that half a dozen men were learning to play on musical instruments, or that Vic Hicks was again flying the "Raven,"

were forgotten. It was the quartette, making night hideous for the coming storm. Several lives turned upon that point. The night arrived; with a few disinterested persons, the quartette greeted Rocky Hill from the height of a farm wagon. It wasn't a cold night, but the boys shivered and shook and swore, and more than once Jim Harlan said, "Now, fellows, lay yourselves out. We'll get asked again." "Take front seats, gentlemen," smiled the urbane usher, as the stately four strode within those hallowed walls. Bob Shanklin was smitten with a happy thought—"We are a band of Sophomores," said he to the manager, but when the manly forms of some of '82 appeared within the portal, they changed their base, and confessed their guilt, as meek and lowly Freshmen. The first selection was, "Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?" Bob came out, then Jim, then Harsha, then Barclay. Bob sought to warble; he had got half way through the first stanza when Barclay caught up; he having stumbled up the steps, his nerves were naturally composed. The piece began too low down, so when "Don't go near the water" arrived, no sound was heard save the titter of the audience and the rapid heart-throb of the warblers. After about two minutes they tried the second verse—at the other end of the scale. They finally got through, and more from pity than from praise, were vigorously encored. Next came "The Bull-Dog," a comparatively new selection for the boys. This time no one fell up-stairs, but all took their positions with grace and dignity, as though to the manor born. Still they could not pull together. Jim and Harsha had about two laps start of Bob and Barclay, but they caught on at, and blended in ecstatic harmony on, "the bulldog in the pool." Barclay then discoursed "The Golden Slippers," which the other three not knowing, the chorus was hummed in unison. The concert was finished by Rocky Hill genius, as the scope of the quartette was only these three songs. Their name was made, however. There, behind the church, amid the lonely graves of forgotten dead,

the men of Rocky Hill erected a wooden monument to these forgotten four. Had they staid, they would have slumbered beneath it. But, were the story to close here, the golden thread that bound the hearts of at least one loving couple would have remained unknown, or at least forgotten.

The entire company, including Life and White, from '82, were invited to a neighboring farm-house, there to gloat on the rustic appreciation of College boys. The boys were a little unfamiliar, but when the girls reminded them of the days of '55, '60 and '70, they rubbed up their memories of those by-gone days, they thought upon long-ago *Lits.*, and answered intelligently. Every fifteen minutes some heavenly voice would break upon the air, and across the luxury-laden atmosphere would float the words—"Won't the Glee Club sing?" The Glee Club would then chime in with "The Golden Slippers," second it with "The Bull-dog," and after remarking that they were a little hoarse, retired into oblivion. Bob was hoarse, sure; Jim gazed on the sole of his shoe; Harsha, as usual, was feeling as though there was no boarding-house from Dan even unto Beersheba, while Barclay plaintively rubbed his bruised shin. But when they mingled in the mazy waltz, Bob, like Richard, was himself again. All night he had sought to brace up, but now he reached his zenith. Here arose the lasting feud between him and Landy Green. Both fell at the feet of the same charmer, both had a desperate determination to dance with her, and only her, at the same moment. It began to look desperate—blood was in Bob's eye—but on tossing up a penny, Landy won and swung away amid the dancers. This settled Bob. No more upon his classic features beamed the child-like smile which illumined it of yore. He spake no word, but, like the victor, subsided, a total wreck. So ended the entertainment which caused Skinner, the sweet singer of '81, to chant, in undying Homeric verse, the lot of the participants.

There are few who pass through a four-years' course without once having the thrilling feeling of having attended a circus, whether in his Freshman days or later on. It came for us in our embryonic, unfledged state. We knew what effect a circus has—any idiot of a Fresh knows that. But we didn't know that a few hundred reckless youth might raise a much larger circus within the one advertised. I need not speak of that night; you all do know it well—how the Sophs had fixed the clown, and how wild waxed that elephant in this yelling crowd of undergraduate humanity. It is enough to say—Mat was there! Previous to this a deed had been done, the performance of which the College bell rang out with the coming dawn. The long ago custom of securing the clapper, which, of right devolves upon the Freshmen, had wearied, for many weeks, the massive brain of the Scientifs. All they knew, all they dreamed of, was bent upon that clapper. How could they do it? More than once were they beaten in their praiseworthy endeavor.

Matt and the captain were just two too many for first term Maths. Landy Green had found out that the windows facing Nassau street and opening into the well-known Geology room were left unfastened. He and Richardson and the immortal Sam Smith then wove a cunning device.

The night was dark. The three sought the shades of North just as the "owl" tooted past the Junction. They raise the window. Landy tumbles within. The watchman comes round the corner. Landy weakly murmured, "It is all up!" but he was so scared that he omitted to state whether he meant the window or his college course.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
But strong to meet the storm,  
A creature of heroic blood,  
That noble Freshman form !

He knew that if he let the window fall, it would not be "all up," except to the other side of the proposition. Rick, seeing Landy's awkward fix, began to act in a suspicious man-



ner, peculiar to the blossoming Scientif. First he walked off as though he had stolen the "Fossil" from the Museum. The watchman, dark lantern in hand, follows. Then Rick started at a six-days' gait—his shadowy pursuer did the same. Down by the Scientif., toward the Prep., back again, up to East College, leaped that stricken deer, the short-legged captain slowly, but surely behind. And the luckless Green stood shivering meantime on his post, half dead with cold, but faithful to the last, and fearful of every foot-fall. But presently Sam Smith, who had prudently hied him to his own room, came back and asked Landy "What in Heaven's name he was freezing out there for?" He hopped down off that window-sill, and when the chill morning dawned, the chimes of seven rang as usual on the wintry air. But, as stated, all this happened when there was no circus in town. When Forepaugh was there, the thoughts of the College custodians were wholly diverted from everything save the big show and the disorder there. In fact, they didn't care for order anywhere, for Zazel didn't make her appearance until a year later. This time Green, Tim Rogers, George Way, and Rainsford constituted the daring and venturesome crowd. Jenny, too, was there. Enough had gathered by this time to strike down the guard, and press boldly on to victory. When the clown, however, grinned his first loud grin, from afar the captain heard the answering roar, and with instinctive speed he hied him as though some vagrant Soph sped before his feet. Now came the climax. Again the window rises; they enter. The door from Scott's room falls with a crash like thunder, the roof is reached, to the bell-tower they climb, Rainsford remaining on guard below. Just then the clash rang out—ten! on ears cemented with Mississippi cotton. With the only available wrench in town, the clapper was drawn like a back-tooth, and downward they sped by the same precarious route, silently stealing away when they had hidden their ill-gotten booty. The next morning the few devout awaited in vain the stroke of

seven—no stroke of eight resounded on the chilly air, and the strange sound at chapel time showed that Clapper No. 2 was there.

There are darker deeds behind, which in other days would be branded as burglary, but with us they counted as play-spells. For instance, the wild, strange story might be told how hard the Scientifs strove to gain Tod's paper in French—how they got false keys, and when with stealthy steps they approached the room, alas! the keys were missing; how Sammy's paper was yearned after, how they waited, patient as the long-suffering ass, until he left his chamber; how they gained entrance and captured half a dozen old Greek textbooks, while no sign of examination paper dawned upon their disappointed view. Or again, how, when it was known that Bruce's paper must pass through Duff's hands for approval, Bruce's box was watched with eager longing—the post-office was besieged—every drop-letter was asked for which fell within his box, taken to a room, opened with trembling fingers of fear and hope, and one found to read as follows:

"MY DEAREST MR. HALSTED:

Nightly do I devoutly pray that the noise which emanates from your geometrical sanctum may be abated. There has as yet been no cessation, wherefore, also, I would beseech you to assist me in this humble duty.

Your brother professor, S."

Yet all these adventures had a purpose. There were other deeds which sprang from the simple wish to do something, though what, was not quite clear. Butler was a man who never took anything, but finding a bottle which resembled stimulant in Perry's room, he partook thereof and straightway ejected the same. It was cologne. After this, Butler, like his namesake of New Orleans, would take anything—in fact he once took a chill under circumstances which I may not name. He and Baldwin conceived the brilliant idea that an entrance into Rockwood's room at

night was advisable. About ten o'clock, therefore, they were prowling round Scientif., pondering how to enter. Now Joe's mathematical genius, blended with Butler's political sagacity, led them to think that the sharp-pointed bars before the windows once surmounted, the glorious work was done. Unhappily Joseph was too large to crowd inside of six inches of bars, so Butler helped him up. But Joe was not limber of limb, and woe! his unmentionable garment caught, and, like an eel new-captured, he hung wriggling. Now, Joe or the pants must yield—it is with sorrow we say the pants yielded first.

Finally they got in, expecting to find the treasures of the East within its dusty corners, but, instead, what met their gaze?—vacant seats, blackboards, fragments of chalk, only these and nothing more. Finally they burst open an adjoining room, and got as their reward the Professor's magic stick and a paper-weight which he had rejected. With these trophies the two worthies fell out of the window and toddled to their respective couches. For two days, naught came from the lips of Joe save indistinct mutterings that "some people were born crazy and others became so after they were born." In which genus Joseph must be placed is doubtful. We give these stray incidents only to show that all the men of '83 were not angels, though Coop, DeCamp and Rudd ranked as archangels of the first water.

It was a little later than this that Flip went to Trenton with a couple of Seniors. Coming from the U. S. Hotel, when about to start on their homeward path, he thought to take to himself a sign. He had just collared it, when a black-skinned Trentonian snob came reeling by, overladen with the national juice of New Jersey, and in accents broken by "hic, haec, hoc," asked what was the matter. Flip was not in a condition to decide whether his strange friend was the proprietor of the hotel, or not. "Keep this dark," he darkly whispered to the darkling dark—he thrust a five-dollar pocket-piece within that dark hand, and, darkly leap-



ing into his buggy, he started on his darksome road toward home.

About the middle of October, the Third Division committed a daring robbery, no less than the seizure of Tutor Williams' cane; which same Joe Baldwin conveyed to his own room, carefully concealed in the leg of his trousers. Not long afterward, Fred Perrine concocted the brilliant scheme of issuing a proc., kindly granting Billy Tute the privilege of carrying a cane. With the help of Bob Yard, this celebrated document was completed, and read as follows:

TUTE! TUTIOR! TUTISSIMUS!

W\*\*LI\*\*S.

We, the "BOYS" of '83, in consideration of the "terrible manner in which you have been getting into" us in respect to that horrible monstrosity, the Roman method of pronouncing Latin, and in consideration of the surprising

#### SPOTTING ABILITIES

which you have displayed, do hereby graciously grant you permission to aid your DIGNIFIED carriage by the use of a Cane.

CLASS OF '83.

A subscription was immediately taken up, and Joe Baldwin and Bob Yard appointed themselves a committee on printing. Saturday afternoon saw them on their way to Trenton in a state of great anxiety, because Mr. Osborne, of Treasury Dep't fame, was in the next car. Saturday evening saw them back again, with the precious papers carefully hidden beneath their coats. As the clock in Old North

struck twelve, two couples issued forth, arrayed in slouch hats, borrowed coats, paste-pots and procs. Ben Butler and Clin Day were assigned the campus. Joe Baldwin and Bob Yard were to storm the town. The moon shone brightly, and all went happy as Parke's smile until the work was done, about one o'clock. Party No. 2 was returning, tired but contented. Suddenly, breathless with running, Benny Butler appeared on the scene. "Run for your lives," he cried in a hoarse whisper, "Matt and the whole blame Faculty are after us." This happened in front of the First Church. Captain, it was understood, was at the College entrance. Matt, it was soon discovered, was just across the street. Our friends put on an air of unconcern, and walked toward the University. But the bright moonlight revealed a huge figure dodging from tree to tree across the way. The rate of travel was at once increased. But the figure on the other side was not to be balked that way. It moved faster also. This was unbearable. Throwing away appearances and their paste-pots together, they ran; and great was the run thereof. Verily, C. Wilson, in all his glory, ran not like one of these.

An hour later, after a moonlight walk along the canal, and a ramble through the Potter estate, the party peeped out from behind Murray Hall, then in course of erection. Alas! hither and thither about the Campus, dark lanterns, like gigantic fire-flies, gleamed. It seemed as if Matt and all the "Necessities" were out searching the building for those procs. To enter the grounds was certain destruction. So they remained where they were. The air was cold, the grass frosty. Three o'clock! Still the lights wandered about the Campus. Half past three! Then Joe got mad; and you know what Joe is when he's mad. Dropping on all fours, and when danger threatened getting still nearer the ground, he slowly made his way across the space separating Murray Hall from East. The rest followed. An entrance was effected through the back window into the

entry. Crouse and Harsha were recalled from the land of dreams, where they had been visiting for some hours past, and about four o'clock all rolled themselves in blankets and bestowed themselves as comfortably as might be on the floor of 2 S. E.

During the sleighing season of Fresh year, Landy Green and his crowd began to use to advantage the acquaintances made on the night of the quartette's débüt. Nothing occurred within a radius of three miles of Rocky Hill in which the notorious four did not participate. Each meeting welded more firmly the bonds between smiters and smitten, until finally the spirit moved one of an older generation to question Joe Baldwin as to the seriousness of his intentions. Of course Joe blushed—he always blushes at a female name—but managed to stammer out that he really did not know whether he was in earnest or not.

Bull Gulick was a good fellow during his Fresh year, which, unhappily for him, extended through his four years of college life. And why was he a good fellow? Because he had a team of mules. One night the gang started out without any definite object, and wandered aimlessly about, until Landy thought "We must have some chickens." With this foul intent, they arrived at Kingston; the surging waters of the raging canal lashed its storm-beaten shore beneath the light of chaste Diana; far in the distance rang the bells, silver bells, of sleighs; the church-spire pointed to the moon, in that witching hour of night, while high in a persimmon tree roosted a flock of chickens. Landy felt in the straw for his legs, and at last finding them twisted under the seat, he fell out of the sleigh and went cautiously to the foot of the tree. Above him slept his feathered victims—how to get them was the problem. Bell sat still in the sleigh, his tongue running nineteen to the dozen, while Landy studied out the problem of how to capture those chickens. He entwined his legs about four times around the tree, and then made a double circle thereabout with his arms. He is said

to be an expert in embracery, tree or no tree. Then, unwinding the aforesaid legs, he wound them afresh, and so ascended until an old hen lay within his reach. At one fell swoop he snatched the unhappy cackler and slid down the tree. But the miller loved that hen—he and she had grown up together. The night air was cold, but for Landy the temperature had touched the zero point. He clung to that squawking bird until the irate miller was near enough to cling to him. But the sleigh was won at last. Bull started his mules on a dead run, while behind them the miller profanely ruminated over the question: “If I have forty chickens, two turkeys, and an ancient hen up a tree, how many would I have should that aged bird disappear?” The Mac’s was a favorite place for the boys, and thither they steered from Kingston. As usual, the mules bolted. Bell and Landy Green indulged in a slight amateur Slade and Sullivan encounter, but, under the circumstances, it would not have taken much to tumble them both from the sleigh. The drinking water at the Mac’s was unfit for use for several days, and why? Bell sought to slay that aged fowl with his knife, but she was too tough for anything short of a scythe, so Sam Smith, with a highly improper remark, hurled her down the well, where she lay and soaked, and is probably there still.

During third term there was a fire near the depot. We had assisted at one fire before; we knew the efficiency of the Fire Brigade; we knew, too, the abiding love between Town and Gown on such occasions. Rudd, whom the phrenologist styled the maximum of mathematical abilitativeness and the minimum of devoutativeness, bounded to the scene of action, though the peaceful Sabbath was dawning, and there proffered his services. Feather beds, bedsteads, female apparel, came pouring down in one wild cataract, while looking-glasses, old boots, decayed shoes and rimless hats were removed to a place of safety. True, a boot-jack arose and smote him on his exuberant feature,

which he wears large and imposing, but would he cease his heroic efforts for a trifle like that? It is said that his nose has not stopped wagging yet. But a snob rushed wildly upstairs and began to rain down furniture on that unhappy Freshman until, between that and his water-logged clothes, he thought the second Deluge had dawned. He was dazed. Water-bowls and pitchers never ceased to hail upon that patient brow, but soon a utensil reached his hands with such speed and disastrous results to the equanimity of his feelings and his centre of gravity that he retired at once to his room, and vowed that no more would he toil at a Princeton fire.

Here G. Bruce broke out with a violent attack of mensuration. The near approach of commencement and the warm weather caused a revolt against so glaring an imposition. But there was slight use in kicking against G. B. The work was to be done, and was consequently piled on. He lectured from a set of notes, taken by Robinson, of '81, and also used a small text-book. The pollers of the class, among whom were Coop, Roby, Harsh and others, met at once and concocted a plan by which the books might be purloined. As Bruce had stated that his text-book was the only one of the sort in the country, his room was entered at night and his desk forced open. There lay the sought-for treasure. The happy thought that no more mensuration would afflict them that year caused the pollers to break forth in a psalm of thanksgiving. The books were safely stowed in a trunk in 2 S. E. On the next day, tears stood in Bruce's eyes, while the wonted smile had become a shade of melancholy. "Gentlemen, thieves have entered my sanctum; broken open the ark of the covenanted text-books and desecrated the holy place. You are dismissed." The scheme had worked as merry as a marriage bell, so far, but when we met again, next day, a change came o'er the spirit of our dream. There stood Bruce, with a German book in his hand. The first sentence which fell from the Brucean lips started perspiration on Landis' marble brow, while



Durell and others smiled complacently at the scheme. Did it work? Well, no, it didn't. It didn't come up to the anticipation of the boys, who had expected a snap. Countenances fell, but still he continued to read. We couldn't take it in. It was deeper than Hodge's "low-water mark," and about one too many for the average child of '83. The only consolation we received was that a thorough examination would be held on notes taken from the book. Luckily, it never came off. A few days after the occurrence, Bruce began to feel a pressing need for his lost text-book, notwithstanding the German publication, and a protracted "Berlin residence." He thought he saw the theft in Flip's eye. Every move showed Duny to be the guilty man. He therefore called him up after recitation and promised him a high grade if he would return the missing article. Now, Flip had shaken in his boots about four hours each day, dreading a condition, so when this proposition was made to him he determined to take every possible means to find the book. He struck the lead at 2 S. E., and, obtaining the hidden treasure, took it at once to Halsted. "I am very much obliged to you, Duane," said Bruce; "I knew you had it, as well as I know that twice the cube of four times the—" "Oh, that's all right, Doctor," stammered Flip, "I will look for a good grade." Whether or not he got it is impossible to state, but using all the laws of reason, based on experience, the inference is that he struck a cold condition.

During second term something had been seen flitting promiscuous round the Campus, decked with a relic of the old country. Whether it was a protégé of the General, or a distant relative of Tom, we knew not. Suffice it to say that it *was*. On our return after Easter vacation, we had occasion to meet the unknown, and our subsequent meetings were happy ones. The first thing the Doctor did, of course, was to welcome himself into our midst, and congratulate us on his own arrival. Cheers and prolonged applause greeted the first speech from one who was yet to acquaint himself

with the peculiarities of American boys, as well as those who lived in Jersey. For the first few meetings, all went cheerily, but the tide began to turn, and the unhappy Doctor was actually thrown into the hands of a merciless mob for the remainder of the year. No sooner was the room entered than the circus would begin. Green, Harriman, Harlan, and Harsha were the principal actors. Music stands flew wildly round the room. Harsha, mounted on Green's shoulders, would pull down a window by reason of heat, then when the clamor arose about the draught, we would all adjourn to another room, where the performance would be repeated. All the while, Huss marched up and down before his desk, swinging his hands. "Mr. Green, I gif you one disorder mark, h-m-m-m!" "All right, Doctor." Then Jim Harlan must put in his oar, "Why Doctor, that's unjust!" "Mr. Harlan you grief me much. I gif you two disorder marks." "Creams for the crowd, Professor, that I made no noise." From the pollers and indifferentials would then arise the cry, "Put up! Put up!" while from the spongers would come the shout, "Crawl! Crawl! That's a bad crawl, Doctor!" And so passed away the hours from week to week, only they became more so and more so. Murdoch went down to see the Doctor about an absence. "Why did you not come pefore, Mr. Murdoch?" "Well," said Soc, "you see, Doctor, the fellows might think I was trying to get a boot-lick on you." "Ya! das ist zo! I regard not ze man who get down and lick me off my shoe." "Right you are, Doctor," said Jack, and seeing that his absence was removed, departed.

The greatest visit, however, took place later on. The class marched *en masse* to get their grades, and the face of the Professor waxed pale and wan. They seat themselves, those without chairs unanimously taking the floor. Huss remarked, "Ze Faculty wait for me," but was told not to hurry himself—there was plenty of time. After boring him nearly to death, and causing unrighteous ejaculations to

pour from that guileless mouth, they skipped away, having first pocketed a few of his relics, and flooded Chambers St. with his seltzer water.

The Professor offered a prize for the man taking the best grade. It was to be a rare and precious jewel, imported expressly from "Mein Vaterland." It was finally divided between four, each one receiving a golden quarter. However rare this costly coin might be, it scarcely touched the exalted imagination of '83.

Ere closing this eventful year, we must not omit to give the name of one of our band, an authority on garments—a reckless, extravagant youth, who dissipated wealth like water—Tommy Wanamaker. Who, too, has not heard the story of the prodigality of Tape Bryant, more so when he was in "Biff" mood. But that was nothing to Tommy. He wandered up to Joe Seguin and confidentially whispered, "My, my! how extravagant I grow! Just think, I have spent three dollars and eighty-six cents this week, but don't, oh, don't mention it!" Soon after, it came out that he had been to New York and Philadelphia. Two dollars and two cents + one dollar and eighty-four cents = \$3.86, as readeth the logic of Freshman algebra. Ponder on it, Tommy. Three hundred and eighty-six cents vanished into thin air, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a rack behind!

In all our four happy years but one cloud has darkened the sunshine of our little world. But a heavy, threatening, cloud it was. At the end of Freshman year a blighting epidemic visited Princeton, and, selecting here and there a victim, chose three from our brotherhood. One year of college life is just sufficient to weave close the cords of love and esteem among class-mates. Brought as we were into the closest relations with each other, that sympathy, awakened by a feeling of common loneliness and dependence, and deepened by common aims, pleasures and interests, had, by third term, developed into the warmest and tenderest friendship.



But fate is ruthless. Sad, sad, were those days. Surrounded by all the beauties of newly-awakened Spring, we had the heart to do nothing but sit or aimlessly wander among the great elms of our beautiful campus, and talk in low tones of those who lay sick among us, or of those whom Death had taken. We lived in an atmosphere of keenest anxiety. Every breath of air brought with it some new report. Some one else—some dear friend, perhaps,—had sunk under the touch of the destroyer; one of those already sick was approaching nearer and nearer the end. Who would be next? Sad and dark to us were those joyous Spring days. Telegrams came from all parts of the land bidding sons and brothers hasten away. Excitement reigned. The out-going trains were crowded. Exercises were neglected, then abandoned; and finally College closed on May 29th, 1880.

And so the curtain falls on Fresh year, to rise again on a newly-cemented band of brothers, but little sobered down by a year's sojourn under the shadows of Old Nassau; and we can only hope that the authorities, like ourselves, may

“Forgive these wild and wandering ways,  
Confusions of a Freshman youth;  
Forgive them in our Sophomore days,  
And try and think them words of truth.”

## Sophomore Year.

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No more as verdants we appear,  
With open mouth of yore;  
Within one year we've blossomed here  
To the cheeky Sophomore!

THE EXPERIENCE of countless Classes at Princeton, and elsewhere, has shown that a Freshman is Freshest when he has just reached the dignity of his second college year. If Fresh then, he is fresh for all time. While this may seem a paradox, those who have seen the shining examples of Lord John and Gilmore can never doubt its truth. Among the beaming faces, we look, alas! in vain, for one from day to day. The roll resounds—Agnew, Alexander, Annin, Antrim, Archer, but when the name of Barclay is heard, a silence falls, deep as despair. And yet we knew full well that he was still in the land of the living, and many conjectured that he had retired into a comfortable competency on the proceeds of his poker investments in the now far-scattered ranch of 2 S. E. To make a long story short, the paternal ancestor thought it best that his hopeful son stay home and pitch the bounding ball,—as he judged, from the color of his arms, that this was the only pursuit, intellectual or athletic, pursued at Princeton. But fate was too powerful; her relentless finger pointed to the Barclay Bank, toward which the reluctant feet of the victim hied away, then and thereafter to take the straight and narrow line of life, instead of the pleasant curves of Wad.

But there was, as ever, a sunny side. What some might term our loss, proved surely our profit, and rends asunder the idea that we were the sufferers. Now there was Benny Mitchell, the great ball-player of the Sioux, Blackfeet, and Pic-a-paws of the land of the setting sun. He thought, by his rebounding agility, to capture the University at once.

"You see," he murmured in a sympathetic ear, "all the fellows have to do, to appreciate me, is to see my style. I rely entirely on my rapid delivery and circular twist." Soon, soon it was found that the only rapid delivery of which Benny was capable was in polling, while all his aptitude for base ball was an accidental fact, and far, far from being innate. Consequently, by one of the many whirligigs of Time, and freaks of Dame Fortune, he tumbled into the class nine. But prodigy as Benny announced himself, his ineffectual fires must pale before the light of Frank Woods, the latest issue of the No Name series. You see, Frank was too old a bird for Soph—he knew too much. This nasal herald of the "Fresh Fire around the cannon," was a somewhat warped specimen of humanity—his mind and body were at variance. Who, to gaze on that downy, unshaven cheek—who, to hear his bold denunciations of men like Jim Harlan—would dream that but "fifteen years of experience" had shed their snows upon that classic brow?

But, lo! a form approaches. Wesleyan is stamped on every feature; but—what is it? Its early days were spent 'neath the shadows of the bending willows of a co-ed prep., and ended under the laurels of the miasmatic swamps of Warren county. Life loomed before him like an Eastern dream, or like a stranded wreck on the wild Atlantic coast, so he wisely sought the classic shades of Old Nassau. He darkly hinted that at Wesleyan his life was a burden, so shamefully had his noblest feelings been trampled on by the other half of the co-ed. He said he pondered long on the reason of their evident preference for him, but one day, when gazing in his mirror, the cause had flashed upon him—he was pretty! This distorted idea doubtless sprang from a mind poisoned by the malaria of the Warren Ring—on no other theory can we account for it.

The traditions of all ages unanimously agree in making ghosts the habitues of old and deserted houses. But we are about to relate a blood-curdling tale, which completely

knocks that theory in the head. Edwards Hall was perfectly new. This was the first year of its existence. No one had ever died or hung himself there; no one had ever buried any money there as far as is known. And yet Edwards Hall was the scene of its visitations. There was Old North, with gloomy stone stairs—winding stairs, too—and dusky passages. And there was the Potter mansion, with its romantic associations. But no, it chose Edwards Hall. Its first appearance was upon a dark October night. The moon had disappeared, and the winds were howling around the corners of the temporary structure. Tom had put the lights out half an hour ago. Sleep and oblivion reigned in Edwards. Suddenly a low, wailing cry was heard in the south entry, rising and falling in gentle cadences, swelling to *forte*, then dropping to *pianissimo*, and finally ending in an agonizing, heart-rending shriek: “Jo-o-o-o-hu Smi-i-th!!!” A minute’s silence followed, and several scuttles of coal, a dry goods box, a few gallons of water, a chair or two, and an ash-pan lay peacefully together, like Barnum’s happy family, on the lower floor of the entry. This ended it. But the next night saw a repetition of the same phenomena; and the night following was the same. Sleepers were awakened from their dreams, with cold perspiration on their faces and hair erect, only to listen a moment, utter a silent prayer, and try vainly to sleep again. It was described as fiendish, supernatural. Peter Rue said, “I wasn’t a bit afraid, of *course*; but then you know I didn’t—well, you see, I—well I didn’t exactly like to go out in the entry, you see.” Something must be done. Secretly appointed committees held nightly watch. Frank Wadleigh, Tim Rogers, Ned and Phil Peace, and others staid all night in Peter’s room, while another deputation slept with Rudd. But the sound was impossible to locate. Some said it came from up-stairs, some from down-stairs. Some affirmed that it was everywhere at once. Wad crouched under the bottom flight one night until two o’clock. He had no sooner left

than the entry was again paralyzed. It was thought that, be he ghost or devil, an immersion in Lake McCosh might do him good, or at least render him too hoarse to howl for several days. Consequently the watch was redoubled. Tom Peebles thought he had caught him one day; and with a few choice spirits, interviewed Lord John. But Lord John was a philosopher and a mighty logician in those days, and soon convinced the assembled company otherwise by pure force of argument. At length, one morning a mysterious proclamation appeared in S. Ed., in choice English words in Greek text. It purported to come from a secret society, declared John Smith to be their emissary, and called down most emphatic threats of vengeance by torture upon any who should dare to molest him. After that John Smith never was heard again. Peace to his ashes. But the proclamation was examined, little incidents put together, and Fred White afterward went by the name of "John Smith."

It was a strange, a wondrous transition from the insignificant rôle of Fresh to that of the know-all, do-all, be-all of the exalted Soph. The Freshmen went through the same agonies, suffered the same indignities, and bore the same burdens that their tormentors had endured before them. Charley Bandman was an object of special care to the class. He was a protégé of Victor, a devotee of Denis Kearney. Coming from the sand-lots, it was only natural that he should plaintively ask, "Can I walk on the grass in the yard?"

The class had suffered enough in Fresh year. They had no intention of enduring more at the hands of '84. It wasn't a quartette; it wasn't an organ; it wasn't Hicks; it was a beastly flute. Boak roomed in South Middle Reunion; he loved no chum save only a flute, which protruded from his pocket in recitation and shared his lonely couch at night. From early dawn until the poker-players became sleepy, that flute resounded. It never stopped—neither did



its discord. It became monotonous at last, like Mark Twain's cow. Had he but punished some other instrument, a cornet or violoncello, for instance, we might have stood it, but that flute was intolerable. He was given due warning, that unless that accursed noise was stopped, his thread of life was short. He paid no heed, so one night, when the fellows had been driven half mad by "Home, Sweet Home," a dozen raps resounded on his door. With the raps, the awful dirge ceased. Rap! no answer. Whish! went a pail of water through the transom—bang! went the door, and there, in the corner, cowered the unhappy wretch who had caused all this misery. Hazing being forbidden, the fellows had to content themselves with making him swear he would play that flute no more, and then gently undressing him, they tucked him in his little bed and departed. The flute sounded no more, and next day the College carpenter had a job on the door.

From the very beginning of Fresh year, the fact was universally recognized that Rudd was a masher. It was commonly thought that he so assiduously cultivated the art of punning with no other purpose in view than to captivate unsuspecting fair ones with the brilliancy of his wit. Benny Mitchell and Peter Rue used to stand below his window and call him; and when his classic head appeared, the only reply was a sepulchral chorus "Mash-er!" After a week or two Rudd would never answer any call unless application was made at the door. He was given to musings, and once was surprised in bestowing an apostrophe upon the moon. It was whispered among those who saw most of him, "Rudd is in love." One day, after he had especially distinguished himself by restlessness and absence of mind, he made an announcement. He seemed to labor much over it, and the delivery was followed immediately by a sigh of relief. He said he was going home to attend a wedding. Taking all things into consideration, the universal conclusion was, that he himself was to be one of the happy party. Ah! That

explained all. It *was* a trying thing to marry while in college; and what an ordeal it must be to tell his class-mates! We appreciated this, and kindly endeavored to lessen his embarrassment by gently intimating that we understood the state of affairs. Rudd answered not a word, but seemed grateful.

The day of the wedding arrived. As he left Edwards, his friends bid him farewell and wished him happiness. In the evening Fred White conceived an idea. He consulted Benny Mitchell, and the two arranged a pleasant little surprise for the happy bride-groom on his return. Fred constructed the daintiest little card-board crib imaginable, and in it he and Ben tenderly laid the head of Rudd's pug cane, tucking it in carefully with Rudd's hem-stitched handkerchief, and supporting the whole with Rudd's Bible. They placed a cologne bottle, labeled "Soothing Syrup," at the head of the crib, and the picture of Rudd's girl at the foot. They then invited all the entry. Every one was much pleased. It was *so* thoughtful, *so* considerate, to arrange such a pleasant surprise for their dear class-mate. And Rudd would be *so* touched by this kind tribute of affection. Jim Harlan all at once made a plunge for the bed-room, and returned with the remark that, of course, the class cup ought to have a place in the window. The proposition was received with applause. A long string was secured, and Jim mounted the window-sill. At this interesting moment the door opened and Rudd walked in, having just arrived by the 8:55 train. The effect was immediate and startling. One by one the boys remarked that they had engagements. Jim's face was a study. Standing on the window-sill he gradually lowered the class cup to the floor, while his lower jaw dropped proportionately. Rudd set up to wedding cake, and seemed to be enjoying himself. It was a noticeable fact, however, that he did most of the talking. The question yet remains unsettled, Where was the grind?

One Sunday night after class prayer-meeting the fellows thought it an excellent moment to start the Fresh Proc. Here. Howell and Darlington had ventured the task, but quarreled on who boarded at the best club. This was always a standing point of dispute among the Newark boys, among whom Fred Rutan may be classed. Hodge's room was chosen as the one for preparing the weighty document. Jim Harlan was the bloody man on the committee. He wanted to make it rank beyond all precedent. "Oh, fellows, it won't do—it's too weak, too tame—why it won't take at all!" But he was met by Haxall, the calm, cool Virginian statistician, who caused reason to rule rashness, and consequently the result was a very mild proc. Walter Green and Jim went to Trenton to have it printed; Jim thought he would tell it all to Green's grandfather—he thought it would be appreciated. Walter, however, took a different view of the matter when the opinion of two previous generations fell like a thunderbolt upon his listening ear. He kept out of Trenton for some time, and through a telescope could only be dimly discerned from North College. But the tug-of-war arrived when the proc. was to be posted. Hodge was then at the zenith of his planetary course, hurling through space, into which had suddenly beamed Mo White, a comet. Jack was on his last probation, and, therefore, his services were not to be had.

Two sections started out. Jim Harlan and Green composed the one, Trip and Tim Rogers the other. The first duet of these worthies thought it a noble deed to paste a proc. on the ceiling of the English room, so that the Fresh gang could gaze with ease on its "purity, propriety, and precision." Jim stood on the tottering desk, Walter upon his shoulders. The desk came down with paste-pot too, and no proc. there for beholders. In truth, 'twas a memorable night! '84 had been watching for a week, and as soon as proc. No. 1 appeared, forth they marched, with Reddy Stewart at their head. Then rose a wild cry from the ranks

of '83, as they rushed upon the foe. Darkly waged the fight, and when the chill morning dawned, they still surged back and forth in the deadly fray; at the depot stood Peace, on guard before a proc.; his folded arms he rested on his mighty chest, and the few Fresh who ventured near gazed with awe upon that stalwart form. But Matt came quietly up, tore down the proc. and gazed placidly on the retreating form of Peace as he meekly stole away. Here and there was a Fresh gazing on a proc., while he brushed the mud from his hat. About the cannon Green might have been seen, vieing by force of arms with the self-luminous Stewart. Few deaths ensued, but much wrath and many expletives arose from the ranks of those injured innocents.

Now it was that the entire Faculty rose in revolt against some printed tickets scattered broad-cast over the Campus, marked "C. C." To our adjunct Professor of Latin, it meant neither more nor less than a combination of secret societies. The Freshmen thought it meant Carry Canes, but were mistaken. We thought it meant Cut Cam, but the subject was too deep for the higher class-men to even hazard a guess. The trouble increased—fresh tickets came out, reading "C. C. on Oct. 15th." Then followed others—"C. C. on Oct. 15th, at noon," and finally came a last batch—"C. C. on Oct. 15th, at noon, in front of Chapel." Every one, with expectations aroused to the highest pitch, expected some great excitement—perhaps a *college circus*. At the hour stated, a rush was made for the Chapel, but there stood no one but James the loud, and by his side the great curiosity arouser Prescott. It was nothing but a Mormon mixture, compounded of the salt found at Great Salt Lake, and on which the western journalist thought to realize a handsome fortune. He called it *chocolate caromels*, a much gentler name than was applied to him. The strength of Jim, the licensed vendor, alone protected him from the violence of an enraged mob. Professor Sloane's fraternity fears were allayed, and all saw what diabolical deeds a Princeton printer's devil could perform.



In the preliminary cane spree three sticks were fought for and the majority fell to '83. Here there is a fact to relate which causes the eye to moisten and the heart to beat quick and fast from pity. Preach Hawes had been a powerful man among the maidens who dwelt at Rocky Hill. The farm at Blawenburgh, with its living appurtenances, was soon to fall into his grasping hands. His Ohio pride was, naturally enough, puffed up. He entered the field against the choice from '84. Nothing could dissuade him from his purpose. He felt as confident of victory as did the giant Baldwin in Fresh year, when pitted against Fred Burt. As the two had often traveled together, as they had frequently sought the alluring smile on the "Hill," on the same night—by mistake,—so, like Tape Bryant in Halsted, they were left together on the battle field of canes. Like Wes Lynde's attempt to use a trans. in Sloane, once was a great sufficiency for Joe. Preach, however, was ambitious. Before his vivid imagination loomed up a myriad of canes, requiring but a trivial effort to secure them as a prize. He determined to try once more in the general spree, and there to do or die. Alas! he left the campus early and sought his little couch, while Sam Smith soothed him with the animating liquid. Here, too, Fred Rutan encountered McMillan on the deadly field. Here he fell, and here he vowed that never more would he participate in so rude a sport. Fred went home with a broken collar-bone.

Here, again, Borgmeyer furnished a most excellent performance in pursuing, as he thought, an unhappy Freshman. Borgy was lying in wait at the entrance to the Campus, waiting for some bold Freshman to appear, bearing a cane, and then, with the aid of his fellow-miscreants, to secure a victory. Darkness was falling—along came Billy Osborne, flourishing a cane. Now came the time for action. Forth rushed Borgy, howling, "'83 to the rescue!" at the top of his lungs. Past the College offices—past the doors of Reunion and West, sped the maddening chase. Round the cor-



ner and into Witherspoon fled the hunted deer, with Borgy in hot pursuit. There the truth was revealed—such treachery, such base and groveling meanness, Borgy did not think could exist in the ranks of '83.

Peter now became hard. He had hitherto piously obeyed every word of his beloved guardian, but ever since his narrow escape in 2 S. E., his mind had flown to higher things, and he sought protection beneath the shadow of Bell. Billiards were tame; poker for pea-nuts was a fleeting show. The point came in his youthful career when he visited Trenton, with Bob Yard and Perrine, to view the play of "Hazel Kirke." It was, in truth, a touching sight, to see those three innocents abroad. To be sure, Perry had never sunk so low before, but then he knew by heart every feature of the theatre. "Boys, we'll get some pea-nuts, and a front row in the pea-nut gallery. Now this front row is the next behind the orchestra." Bob said he wouldn't enter the pit, but Peter cast the deciding vote, as he wished to sit near the stage "for more than one reason." After this, he took a daily lesson from Bell, went to a draw-back club, paid his tutor enough to take him to Roselle once a week, and then stopped to begin speculations with Lord John, the Chatham street merchant.

Just two miles from Princeton town  
Is a nook,  
Called by all the county round  
Stony Brook.

In its waters, we are taught,  
Shiny minnows may be caught  
With a hook.

Near this astonishingly neat  
Little pool,  
Stands a school house, hard to beat,  
Nice and cool.

There, on Sundays, you may see  
Frankie Hoskins, '83,  
Teaching school.

Comes a maiden from the town;  
    Passing fair;  
Pretty rosy lips, and brown,  
    Wavy hair.  
There is mischief in her eye,  
As she glances, with a sigh,  
    At him there.

'Tis a place without its match—  
    Stony Brook.  
Little fishes you may catch  
    With a hook;  
But far stranger things are wrought—  
Human fishes there are caught  
    With a look.

Victor was as loud as ever during first part of Soph year. He had taken lessons in pitching from a San Francisco ball player, and bid fair to outdo the "rapid delivery and circular twist" of Mitchell. But there were two things necessary besides being an excellent player, in order to strike the University. He must, first of all, wear knickerbockers and then raise side whiskers. Now the first of there was but a trifle to acquire—the rub lay in the unseen siders. Procuring a pair of long, flaming red stockings, he donned them and then rolled his pants above his knees. Occasionally, while walking up the street, one side would come down, but it made little difference to him what others thought, as long as he was confident that the graceful dress of Oscar adorned his noble form. Now and then the hated snob would pursue Victor with taunting remarks, but he good naturedly ever rolled down his pants until out of sight, when he again brought his stockings in full view. It was while in a rage over some indignity shown him by his town enemies that he gave vent to his ruffled feelings on Borgmeyer, and dealt him a stunning blow in front of the Nassau. The goal of his ambition was now before him. Toward it he had pressed on manfully, and all that blocked his passage now was the

absent side-boards. He endeavored to block them out, but there was no material to build upon. For three months, as each successive night came, he covered his face with Babbit's soap, thinking thus to rush the tardy beard. His success was about as marked as that of Ed Royle, or Craig Colt. But finally the first, faint appearance came, like the dawning of the morn. With each appliance of the yellow soap they waxed stronger and heavier. Strange to say, one side was always far in advance of the other. More soap—the same difference. He then came to the conclusion that the brand of soap must be changed, and consequently the Babbit firm exploded and the demand for Pyle's O. K. soap was greatly increased. Failing in this expedient, he finally decided that the inequality was due to his rubbing off the fertilizer on one side during the hours of repose. He then determined to shave one side continually, and allow the other to get a start of a few weeks' growth. Vic was never very evenly balanced, and this disturbed still more his equilibrium. He looked at the matter with the eye of a philosopher, and ever sacrificed appearances for the noble end. His efforts were futile, his endeavors vain, and therefore he was content with giving exhibition curves in front of West.

About this time we noticed the absence of a familiar face. There was a vacant seat in the class-room, and there was a dearth of music in Witherspoon. Where, oh, where was our little Joe gone? We missed his perpetual and saintly smile. The campus, without his graceful form, seemed to have lost a part of its identity. We made enquiries; but nobody seemed to know what had become of Brownie. One thought he had gone home sick. Another said he had crossed the ocean blue to look after his landed interests in France. Another whispered that he knew Joe was badly mashed on a girl in the city, and, possibly, he had left college to take unto himself a wife. But it was very strange, were any of these suppositions true, that Joe had never

given any of his friends the slightest intimation of his intentions. No. None of these explanations sufficed.

At length, a Cranbury paper happened to come into the possession of one of his mourning friends. Eureka! The lost was found. In the personal column appeared the following:

"Mr. Joseph Seguin, of Princeton College, is at present spending a few days in our village. Mr. Seguin has a baritone voice, of singular power and pathos, and is delighting his many friends in this neighborhood with his charming musical selections."

The riddle was solved. Joe was neither sick nor married, but simply spending a couple of weeks, *Facultate volente*, with his friends in the country.

In Soph year the riding club sprang into existence, born of the enterprising spirit of Hawes and Robeson. Weekly the two graceful forms, perched upon two gallant steeds, might be seen, in gay uniform, starting out. Preach had appointed himself committee to decide the regular trip. The result was, that Rocky Hill was the first watering place on the route, Kingston the next, with Princeton a good third. The regular dues were three dollars a year—one half payable within four weeks of the beginning of the College year, the remainder when Pat Riley was flush enough to invest in cast-off garments. Had it not been that serious trouble resulted from the mere insertion of the members' names in the Bric-à-Brac, the constitution would here be printed. The hand of Cooper is evident in Article V., the contents of which Dyke Gulick disclosed. It reads as follows: "No bill for horse hire shall be considered payable unless ratified by a two-thirds vote of the organization; no vote of less than three members shall be taken as two-thirds." When it is remembered that the club consisted of two members, it will easily be seen that economy was the first principle. There is but one event recorded in the minutes of the society which the secretary permitted us to read. It was one

of Robey's sleepy days, and Preach stole a march on him. As usual, he started for Rocky Hill, and there persuaded some of the fairer honorary members to join him. Preach became so rash as to bet a pound of candy on the speed of his club horse. It was merely a scheme of his to get an invitation to call again. Away they started, neck and neck, but just as they were rounding a corner the maiden lost her balance and lay prostrate in the road. Bull Gulick, happened to be coming up in the rear, and when near enough to hear the gentle murmuring of Preach, his ear caught the doleful words, "Oh, my all! My all!" From that day Preach firmly resolved to leave the shady elms of Princeton for the sun-light of farm life. Whether the heiress made a slight objection, or whether Preach found more pleasant and profitable employment, is not known. At any rate, the farming mania soon subsided, and the riding club dissolved after a handsome dividend had been declared.

In Sophomore year, Frank Roberts erred from the straight and narrow path of Ye Scientific School. He had fallen in with Smith, Hawes and company, and the results were, of course, disastrous. Every evening, when the sun was about to rest from his day's journey, the handsome youth might be seen wending his way toward Kingston. It soon became a serious matter, but not half so serious as his trip to Pennington. He and the company started out, *à la* Hawes and Robey, with Shann's noblest steeds. Frank's heart had become wonderfully susceptible to the smiles of any maiden, it mattered not when or where. As a matter of course, at Pennington, he was completely crushed by a glance from the windows of the Seminary. The steady nerve began to fail, and he saw clearly that some stimulant was necessary to carry him safely home. Soda-water was ordered, but Preach would take nothing stronger than water. The effect was wonderful. Frank became worse and worse, and no sooner had they reached the outskirts of the town, than he took a headlong tumble. His horse went home—



and so did Frank. The horse went on foot—Frank walked. He never fully understood whether the glass of soda-water or the smile of the giddy damsel produced the complete paralyzation. He was satisfied that it was produced, and that was enough. He returned to his innocent Fresh-hood ways, and looked no more upon Kingston or Pennington.

“No fruit so sweet as stolen fruit,” is a proverb that was well exemplified by '83. Jimmy's orchard was so handy, and the apples were so nice and plentiful, that the temptation was too great to be withstood by such weak-minded youths as Jim Harlan and Wad. Together with many other sinners, they yielded to the pippins' seductions, and made frequent visits to the orchard by night, armed with clothes-bags and pillow-cases. The presence of the wire-barbed fence was the only thing for which the boys could never forgive Jimmy. It, practically, made the orchard a mouse-trap. Once inside, escape was possible only by the exercise of the utmost care and deliberation. One night, October 11th, Jim, Perry, But, Peter, Wad, Bob Yard, and Ben Mitchell, were laying persistent and systematic siege to the aforementioned orchard. Apples were large and ripe, and the harvest was plentiful. A noise near the lodge suddenly startled the marauders. Business was suspended a moment. Then was heard a shout, followed immediately by a pistol shot. Alas! for the besiegers! Where was all their valor now? The moon

“Looked down and saw not one.”

But, hold! We are wrong. Your historian prides himself upon speaking the plain, unvarnished truth. The moon looked down and *did* see one. And that one was Benny Butler, impaled upon the barbed-wire fence.

It is surprising that so many still cling to the absurd idea that Trenton and a life of virtue are incompatible. How the conclusion has been reached cannot be explained. Perhaps those who cherish this idea remember Bell's little es-

capade with a couple of '80 men; perhaps their opinion is based on the unwarrantable assumption that all who visit the state capital enter the opera house. Bob Ingersoll was booked for a political speech at Trenton, and, in consequence, the College turned out *en masse*. The innocent faces of Rudd, Updike and DeCamp were seen mingled with the madding crowd. "Pollers" and "loafers" stood on common grounds; the smile of the South Carolina orator beamed upon his northern brother, the bloated bond-holders occupying Fred Shann's coach joined hands with those upon whom Dame Fortune had not lavished her richest gifts. A happy family it was! A majority of the fellows were not particular about hearing the speech—they simply wanted something by which they could, in after years, remember the occasion. It is needless to say that the most of them were gratified in this respect. Baldwin, for example, will ever recollect the pottery district of Trenton; Rudd will long remember his mistake in addressing a fair damsel whom he mistook for a cousin; some will, for many a day, have engraven upon their memories "State and Warren at nine," but, above all, Borgy can never forget his thrilling adventure. His stately form and foreign accent gave him the appearance of a French count. His luck was, therefore, better than those who expected to meet friends or relatives in the evening, but failed to gaze upon them. The sight was such as to satisfy even the æsthetic eye of Harry Hall. Standing in front of the jewelry store of Cook & Jaques, one could see, on the opposite side of the street, the French gentleman sandwiched between two American fair ones. Ever and anon the deep sound of "no" or "yes" or "I presume so" could be heard. Save these occasional interlocutory remarks, the conversation was carried on exclusively by the two Trentonians. Perhaps some still remember Borgy's imposing gait, in Fresh year, when promenading Nassau street with a member of the public school faculty. It was the same on this memorable night—

elbows projecting at his side, body cast forward at an angle of forty-five degrees and feet on a line with the head. When about half way between Greene and Warren streets, one of his companions was heard to remark, "not all is gold that glitters." Borgy's responsive "no" came promptly forth. It matters little whether she alluded to his unmitigated brassy cheek or not, for at that moment they quickly slipped their arms from his and left him standing alone, filled with wrath and indignation. He took the next train for Princeton, but the rest waited for the "owl." Never was there seen a happier crowd than that which rode behind her as she hooted on her midnight journey.

While the whole College was absorbed in foot-ball, minor games took place, many of which are memorable in the annals of '83. The most stupendous of these was played between Yard's and Crouse's clubs. It was indeed a notable sight to behold such quiet men as Coop, Roby, and Bell contend in the rush of battle. Coop was full back; he said he didn't understand the back part, but put him on the full side, and he would be at home. Roby was half-back; he usually got about half-way back from Philadelphia to Princeton, and stopped; from his manner of playing on this occasion, one would suppose that when he got to his half-way home he stayed there. When he took position, like the boy on the burning deck, he stood like a rock on the spot whence all but him had fled. Smyser was the ponderous man of the team, and declared that, being a man of weight, he must be captain. Of course children must have soothing syrup, and so he became the Agamemnon of the team. Once Coop rushed forth in the van of battle, the ball fiercely clutched beneath his mighty biceps, but paused! He vowed he was through, unless the whole band should adjourn at once to the Hotel de Gus and finish the game afterward. Bob Yard and Harsha coincided, but Roby persuaded them it was incorrect and so the game proceeded. Good spirit prevailed throughout the game, and good spirits

afterward. But a feud arose, destined to be as deadly as that of the Iliad. Borgy and Smyser! the two Grecian chiefs who met in deadly fray. Now it came to pass that at the foot of Chambers street abode the mash of Borgy, and as the game came off on Conover's field, she gazed upon the hot and rushing combat, like Helen on the walls of Troy. The peach-like cheek of Smyser and his flute-like tones turned her traitor to her Borgy. You see, in his Fresh days, Borgy had dared to challenge Cupid Parmly for an indignity shown him. He wanted an apology or blood. When he saw what was passing on the foot-ball grounds, he at once accused Smyser of seeking to win the affections of her whom his soul loved. He at once got his answer. "You are a—gentleman." Then followed a flow of fiery words. Blows might have ensued, had they not been torn apart. But it did not end here. The fire of vengeance smouldered in Borgy's bosom. In the evening he smote upon Smyser's door, and as so lofty a soul would naturally expect-to-rate high, he aimed at Smyser's face. Then with rapid stride he fled adown the iron steps of East. Smy followed in hot pursuit; across the Campus, round old North, tore the two mashers in their mad career. Thrice around the ancient buildings sped the twain, until, fairly winded, Borgy apologized, and in exhausted tones, cried weakly, "I—I'll take you down to call on her!" This satisfied Smy, but when they did call, alas! at the door they were confronted by the damsel herself, who vented her feelings thus—"Herr von Borgmeyer, I wish no more to do with you. Gaze no longer on these features. Your language yesterday was shameful. I heard you cry out "hel'!" "Woe is me!" moaned Borgmeyer," Eliza, thou knowest that I love but thee, and only to-day you wrote me that you could never love another. Why this sudden change? I would fight for you—I would"—but here he paused to wring his hands, and then, while the pale moon shone on the brow of Smyser without, these two fond hearts mur-



mured soft nothings to each other within. Smyser was left in the same way as formerly at the Fem. Sem. at Burlington. Within was peace, accomplished solely by that football game, and so ended the sport for the season.

In Soph year, Mr. Slayback had a cow. He may have her yet, but it is dubious. It was said she perished from cerebro-spinal meningitis, but the report is probably unfounded, as she was not given to violent exercise. Jim Harlan thinks she cried herself to death under the base idea of being thought a Freshman, with the outrageous addition of introducing co-education. The cow was quietly grazing one night, about eleven, in the Fall of '80, over beyond Pach's studio. It struck the kindly minds of several of the class that she ought to be under cover, and that old North was a fit and proper place. A relic of the rope-pull with '82, about three yards long, was fitted to her horns, and under escort of half a dozen fellows she was led to the College gates in stately array. Then came the problem, "How on earth shall we get her up the steps?" But nothing is impossible to the Sophomore. Bold Harlan grasped her head—two more assisted her flanks—one clutching her "streamer" from the rear, and so, step by step, that ancient female was helped up the two stone flights and there tied to Landis' door. Green paint was produced, and she was adorned as a member of '84. She had passed her examination, when Walter Green tried to milk her, and landed some twelve feet off. She had entered without conditions, and, therefore, why she should set up such an infernal bel-  
low was a wonder. It was not because she was to have such classmates as those who had just been with her—it was not because she was the only female in College, for there was Nancy Lee, the "affectionate Knight," beside the sweet Lucy; it was because she had lost her calf. She heard Darlington leap from his downy slumber, and thought he was her lost darling. Captain was on guard that night, and, thinking something might happen, had employed a



burly Princeton policeman to assist him—not Tom Carroll. They heard the racket in North. Out from the College offices they poured, to clutch their prey. Captain was innocently tripped up, and brass buttons suddenly remembered an engagement to patrol the streets. Down past the Library, up the street to the University Hotel, and so around to Ord, they went. There stood Captain with his sub. "Good evening, Captain," they cried with one acclaim. "Hello, boys, the d—— Freshmen are out," replied the Captain, "putting up their procs." After volunteering their services, the boys sought their couches, while the Fresh proc. was safely stowed in North, making things hideous in more ways than one. In the morning, as the Class Historian gazed about six o'clock from the window of Reunion, he beheld a procession. Down came that unhappy cow, Tom firmly holding her rudder, Matt in front, and Murdoch and Gilmore at the sides. Nothing more was needed save one resounding voice—"Get out of me College!"

We have stated that, as a rule, a class is a great deal fresher as Sophomores than as Freshmen. This is easily explained. The first year of college life, the fear of the Sophomore makes the Freshman particularly careful to smother all possible indications of greenness. There are, of course, here and there, notable exceptions. But the rule, nevertheless, exists. In the first year of freedom from restraint, all the inherent freshness springs forth and blooms luxuriously.

In our class, perhaps the freshest crowd, in Soph year, was that known as the South Edwards gang. During Freshhood they were becomingly meek and retiring. But never did day bring forth such change as the day that made them Sophomores. Edwards immediately became Pandemonium. Its entries were nightly disturbed by violent crashes and yells that would have done credit to a band of Sioux. Ben Mitchell's room was the headquarters of this intrepid band, and the frequenters thereof were Peter Rue, Bob Yard, Ben

Butler, Jack Murdoch, and Lord John. Where in the world all the dry-goods boxes came from, was a mystery; but nearly every night, in the neighborhood of one o'clock, a frightful crash in the entry below awakened many a weary sleeper. But the trouble was not always occasioned by a box. Boards, torn from Ord Hall walk; ash-pans, dexterously snatched from under the very eyes of the entry servant; slides, from the coal-shutes; earthen drain-pipes—anything, almost, answered the purpose equally well. Then, there came a time when these harmless little projectiles did not make noise enough to please these bad boys; and a Freshman was taken into the service and ordered to procure some fire-crackers from Trenton. One night, a loud report, followed by a despairing cry, brought a frightened crowd out into the entry, to find—nothing. One was inserted under Tutor Marsh's transom, with great effect. Another was lighted, and deposited in Victor's door-way. Startling and unexpected was the result. Our California desperado appeared, with poker in one hand and pistol in the other, and commenced firing in the most reckless fashion at the brick wall opposite. This aroused Sam Rendall, '81, who was at once on the scene with another seven-shooter. Of all the inmates of the entry, Lord John, Peter, and Benny, were the most surprised.

Another time a great ash-pan was abstracted from the cellar, and filled with coal and tomato cans. About twelve at night these misguided youths conveyed the same to the top of North Edwards. But, alas! for human expectations. The watchman stationed at the temporary structure suspected foul play, and sounded a note of warning. Matt was at once on hand, and safety necessitated the abandonment of the booty at the head of the stairs. The party found refuge in Lord John's room. Here the five, John, Peter, Ben Mitchell, Bob Yard and Ben Butler, remained all night in beds spread on the floor by the fire. The tramp of heavy feet below indicated that a search was being made.

A knock was heard at several doors. Lord John at once locked three of the party in the closet, while the other two occupied the bed. Somebody came up stairs rapidly. The plot thickened. Then a crash indicated that somebody had found the ash-pan, and probably sat down in it. He came no farther. But even at four o'clock the tramping was continued. But out of this, as out of all other deeds of darkness, this unholy band escaped undiscovered.

Cooper was the "keener" of the class. Robeson would stay up all night preparing his folding cribs, and the next morning, when the General would give the order, "Sitzen sie hier in front," would innocently hand in a blank paper and silently leave the room. Not so Coop. In the first place, he never prepared a crib—it was too much labor lost. In the second place, he never, under any conditions, handed in a paper worth less than 75. In Cam, he used to carry trans., text, grammar, and Liddell and Scott. His native size was not immense, so he could carry in a small library to supply the deficiency. When Cam asked for a Homeric reproduction of a dozen lines of Greek, Coop was in his element, and offered to help everybody. He reproduced, but his reproduction, unlike that of Benny Mitchell, was not the result of cramming. The College suffered a severe loss when Coop left on the midnight train—so did Hankins. Had he staid, who can tell what fresh invention would have germinated in that fertile brain? His first production was just on the point of perfection when relentless Fate hurried him to the unwelcome fields of Pennsylvania. It needs but description to be appreciated. Wires were to be laid under the matting of the stairs leading to Examination Hall. These were to be connected with a desk, and by a delicate telephonic apparatus, could sound the contents of examination papers to the patient listener below. It was to be called "The Students' Friend, or the Grading System made plain." He saw before him a fortune, but nobly resolved to labor only for the good of his fellow-men, even though no reward

greeted his thankless toil. Each particular part must be carefully measured and adjusted ere he could obtain a patent. His chronic weakness of eye finally forced him to retire to his father's house.

Billy Scott was not only the owner of that huge clock, of which we have all heard, but he drinks "brue," and speaks French. He is bad, and when he tries for the Glee Club, give him lots of room. Billy bet ten dollars, in his early days, that he would not only be a member of the foot-ball team, and a J. O., but the leader of the Glee Club. Alas! poor Scotty! stern Fate forbade him all. He spoke French like a native of Kamtchatka. Joe Seguin hailed him, on the Campus, with "*Ou va tu?*" Billy said he thought not—at least, he hadn't heard of it. Perry said he took Math. Elective, and followed the example of Lee, of Freshman fame; but we have only Perry's word for it, and the fact that he was so intimate with Tutor Halsted would lead one to take the statement with several grains of salt. The great Scott act came into notice in Soph year, and it is one of the many things rendering Billy famous. He was down in Seguin's room, and the boys grew hilarious; he was asked to partake of "brue," an imported champagne. Of course he was delighted, and swallowed half a glass. He said the old brand was better—"brue" couldn't have him!

Hicks and Billy tried for the Glee Club, at the same time, and both met with the same fate. When Victor was asked, the following day, what they said to him and his fellow-aspirant, he curtly answered, "Go to —!" Whether they were told this or not, is hard to say.

The time for sickness had now come. Nothing serious—simply a slight yearning for mental relaxation. Landy Green started out well on Monday morning, and thinking best to put in a full week, concluded to get sick. He was often under the weather, from a variety of reasons, but this time it was out of the usual line. According to law, he was reported on the sick list, and Jimmy'came up to see him on

Sunday. There was Borgmeyer, reading the *Police Gazette*, and the "Wreck" sat smoking. In came the august visitor. Green was thunder-struck. "Mr. Green, ye missed a foine sermon to-day, Mr. Green!" "Yes; I am sorry, sir," answered Landy. "Ye're unwell to-day; and what's the trouble?" "Well, Doctor, I've been polling too hard," was the guileless reply. Borgy was a little flustered, and misunderstood a succeeding remark of Jimmy's, and supposed he had been asked to pray. He therefore proceeded, in his basso-profundo, but the Doctor went on telling Landy—"Ye'd better go home, if ye don't get well soon." Borgy was insulted, and left the room, resolved never so quickly to offer his services again.

Perry, to keep up with the style, thought he must get sick too. After attending a spread in Peter Rue's room, he complained of a cold in the head and sent for a doctor. The latter came, prescribed, and left. Rudd grew tender-hearted, the gentle boy, and telegraphed home for Perry's people. The telegram reached the quiet town of Freehold during the Sunday morning service, and the whole village was in a ferment, fearing lest Freddie had been annihilated. Two doctors and Perry's excellent paternal and maternal ancestors started at once for Princeton and found the sick child with normal pulse and a slight cold. He took a vacation for two weeks to recuperate—in fact, he was affected for a whole year by a Summer tramp, in which he had been badly left by her whom he adored.

Half the year had already passed in Sophomoric luxury, but we were still fresh. Ready for anything on the Campus—unready for anything in the class room. George Fleming thought he was ready one day to leave Pat's lecture room, but, like Bert Carman in Bruce Halsted, he slipped up. George felt seedy—he had ridden ten miles westward the previous night, and was in poor trim to sit and listen to a discourse on *these ones*. When Pat had taken up the oyster, with the remark—"D'ye see, this little fellow is an oyster,"



George slipped down behind the high seats of the chemical room. Whether it was the result of the shock to his nerves by the sudden news about the oyster, or whether he thought he was better off in Dreamland, is uncertain. But the eye which could penetrate the mollusc was not to be blinded by the act of a vertebrate. He saw the head bob down, and started on a mad rush for the door. The fleeing George was collared and marched back, while "These Ones" resumed his place at the desk, shouting, "Your name, please!" The feeble answer came, "Flem'g." "Your name, I say," again pealed forth the voice, and again came "Flem'," without any audible second syllable. "Spell your name, please!" but George was too scared to obey, and after spelling his name four times, every way but the right way, he at last remembered who he was. After an invitation to a private interview, things went on in the even tenor of their way. Here came in the genius of Flip, radiant as in math. At the biology examination, after giving some startlingly new ideas gained from personal observations, he ended his paper with a few remarks gotten from the lectures. "The oyster is good to eat with milk onto them, which is generally scarce in Princeton. It is supposed by scientists that they live on the milk supposed to be in stews, and die because they don't find it there. The oyster's heart is always in his mouth, but his mouth is not in the right place. N. B.—I have never seen an oyster's mouth. The oyster is well enough in his place—which is in your mouth—but a poor watch-dog by reason of his not having any teeth." His knowledge was evidently thorough and he was ready for the next course. It may be said that he illustrated his paper by an exquisite crayon-drawing of an oyster and a bull-dog, to show the points of unlikeness, which doubtless pulled him through.

Jim Harlan made himself famous in "Bones." Always ready to lead the way, whether in a political movement, class-cut on election day or a cane-rush. Schanck was giv-

ing the boys a few ideas on "Will-power" and "Muscular Action," dwelling especially on the feet. Here was a chance for Jim. He prided himself on his ability to lead the class, and in this respect he was leader. "Now, you see, I say, 'foot, come up,' and it comes up," said the Professor. With this Jim's voice rang out, "Now, fellows, down with your feet!" but Jim's were the only ones to come down, and then "Bones" came down on him. The old Scientific shook to its very foundation. Some thought that one of Cam's jokes had rocketed through the window and had gone off; others conjectured that the relic of Germany had been kicked in the head, while others thought that Updike had uttered his first audible tone. Schauck explained: "Gentlemen, you are under obligations to Mr. Harlan. He has illustrated my point, and if he will now show on the board how much force was necessary and how much will-power required to raise them up, I will present him with a superfluous ornament which Mr. Antrim has attached to the manikin. Gentlemen,

'You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the size of his hoof will cling to him still.'

Jim had enough anatomy of the lower extremities to last him throughout his entire College course.

The Rocky Hill skating club was at its zenith. Baldwin and chum had not yet appeared on the lyric stage to purchase a fence for the Episcopal Church in that city. Harsha was still new. He had not taken that deep interest in this suburban resort which had marked most of the actions of the "Big Seven." He had not yet followed up the acquaintances made on that memorable night in Fresh year. He went out to skate, but so captivated was he that skating was out of the question. He borrowed a rocking-chair from a neighboring house, and slid those maidens up and down the frozen surface until he would fain cry for a rest, 'neath the pale rays of Luna. Ah! what a time he had! He

remarked the next day that he had often been told he was a fool, but now he was sure of it. The rest of the fellows enjoyed themselves between the acts with the merry-making Rock and Rye. But to Pard no such bliss was granted! Finally, they all adjourned to the mansion on the hill side, which was another retreat for math-wearied brains. Harsha here amused the crowd once more. He was persuaded to recite "Mary had a little lamb" and why not? Joe and Preach had always been persuaded by the same charmers—in fact Joe staid away in consequence of the promise of a stern application from the ruler of the mansion. Bert immortalized himself and never entered the place again. There stood the representative of the Riding Club, pretending he could see. One of his senses had become so active when lights were out that he needed no other. There, too, stood the Herculean form of Baldwin, trying to court the favor of the girls by playing with "Lidy Down." In the corner sat the charmers, giggling over the softness of the Sophs. In a stage whisper one was heard to murmur, "They're just the same—just the same as Sophs have always been."

It had long been a weight on the minds of the occupants of Witherspoon how best to sound the engine bell in dead of night, and so arouse the town. At last Dick Norris, Riggs and Peace solved it. What they were to do was never told; they had some cunning scheme which was bound to work—a scheme which Flip said they had down so fine that his renowned formula given to Duff applied perfectly. On the appointed night the three set out for the depot, confident of success. But alas! they couldn't get in. They had not provided against such an event. Their mission, however, was not to be entirely fruitless. A huge wheel lay within their grasp. Now, what good this would do them they hardly knew themselves. Dick said afterwards that they intended to give it to Joe Seguin, who was building a private engine. Brownie needed it, for he went to New York once a week to get a bath and have his hair cut.

Just as they were about to remove the rotatory prize, a figure dawned, dim and dusky, in the darkling distance. The wheel fell from their strengthless grasp, Dick sprawled all over the railroad track, while his hat flew one way and his glasses another. Away they went and fled behind Whig. After a half hour they emerged, and the same ghostly figure was there. A hot pursuit ensued. They scrambled round, and after much toil they fell through the rear windows of Witherspoon. Quaking with fear, they sought their mattresses. Soon came the doleful howl of Flip, "——'s delight, what is the matter, you fellows? You know I was only trying to join you." They all rose, voted it a good joke, and celebrated it then and there—then and there. What a Witherspoon celebration is no man knows save he who has been there. Dick's poetic muse awoke, and his last coherent sentence was—

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
We quietly subsided and acknowledged—we're sold!"

Spring had come, but there was nothing strange in that, neither was there anything wonderful in the fact that the C. E.'s went down to Manasquan river to practice surveying. The interesting part was what happened there. While this mathematical group was gathered on the bleak Atlantic shore, there Frank Roberts allowed his angry passions to rise when Billy Field and Clair Royle had fixed his bed for the night.

But a more soul-stirring event took place. Reddy Gulick had visited the village of Manasquan, and through a letter of introduction he became known unto a heart-smashing damsel. After an hour or two Reddy thought he was solid, as he always does think. 'Twas Saturday night; the party started for Princeton, but Princeton had no charms for Reddy. The night before he had told his beloved and hastily-made mash that he would take her riding the next day. Meeting with no refusal, he of course supposed the



way was clear. "I feel sorry for you, Smike," said he, as the less fortunate ones proceeded toward the train. "But we are not all born lucky, are we, old fel?" So the happy youth was left, but as yet only by his fellows. The moment came. Reddy drove up in fine style, alighted and entered the hotel. "Is Miss Q—— in?" he enquired. Forth she came. Reddy, with jaunty air, asked if she was ready to take the ride. "Ride!" said she. "What will my husband say?" "Great Heavens! Husband? But you're fooling, aren't you?" "No," was the reply, "my husband is upstairs now." His heart sank within him. He had no words with which to describe such conduct. His affections had been wrought up to the highest pitch, but his mental barometer now fell. To convince the sceptical youth, he was led more in sorrow than in anger to a private room, where he was introduced to the monster who had already won the hand and heart of her who had filled him with such lofty hope. Reddy didn't know exactly where he was, much less what to say. That sickly smile came o'er his features as he begged a thousand pardons of her injured spouse. "Oh, never mind that," was the answer, "you are still young and fresh." "Good evening, sir, I hope I haven't missed my—my train for Princeton, have I?" The last train had gone, and Reddy had been left all around. The laughable part of the thing was that the girl was not married, and that Reddy had been introduced to a gentleman friend merely. He spent a lonely Sunday in Manasquan, and wandering by the side of the sounding sea, he bade his sorrowing heart be still, while he fancied his ship of life dashed by the angry billows on that lonely shore, and wrecked on the rocks of hard luck. He returned Monday morning, and swore never to put faith in any Jersey woman, old or young, married or unmarried.

For Wally Bell, all the world had grown sad and dreary, save one little spot in the northern part of New Jersey—Roselle. Poker had lost its charms; Peter had been roped



until it had become monotonous; no more did deaf and dumb talk cross the street with the once precious Jewells of his heart, and even Sally on the ave. had become a poor companion for his hours of brooding sorrow. There were others too, who, "When the Spring-time comes, gentle Annie," were affected the same way. Jerry Haxall got deep in the mire, but dodged out. Wardy met with a similar fate, without the redeeming feature; Hawes had gone so far as to have the title of a farm near Blawenburgh examined; Tape, it was said, had met a gushing Jersey girl at Cranbury, but, of course, was "too poor to marry;" while Ned Peace and Flip had engaged themselves four times during the year, and were ready for four more. But, as the General says when the hour is up, let us return to our subject. Bell's heart was wavering between wifey in the West and wifey number two in Roselle. April was half gone. If there was not a twenty-page letter every night, the reason was like geometry to Wes Lynde—intangible. When he received a letter from his prospective mother-in-law, advising him not to leave his studies so often, the Western blood was fired. She could go to Halifax. He knew the reason—it was some other man. He would at once hie him to his Western love. Then he would repent of his rashness, take a few days' vacation and return as blue, but not as cheerful, as the Summer sky.

It was in the recitation room of *Sororis*. Bell was trying to recite. The Greek root muncher was quite sure that Wally could *reprojuce* in Greek any common English, and tried him thus: "Mr. Bell, how often are you wont to visit the city?" Bell didn't catch on. Carman suggested to him to put it in Greek, but it was a little too much for his Hellenic knowledge. Again the leader of the "Pumpkin Pirates" asked him to translate "Whom are you wont to visit when you are away from *Τῆν Πρεσβυτέρην*?" That was too much for Bell. "Well, Professor Orris, I don't intend to answer. I don't see whose business it is but my own,

whether I go to see Mary Jane, Mamie or Sally." "Mr. Bell, Mr. Bell, I fear your heart is not here, but wandering amid the perishable things of this changeful world." "Well, Professor, you are right," said the youthful victim from Illinois. That was the last time his beaming face was seen, and silver tongue heard in recitation. He paid Rose two dollars and a half to see that his grave was kept green, or, in other words, to display his photograph at the door of the post office for three years. Then, to make things fair and square, he jumped accounts and started for Chicago, where lawyers abound and divorces are easily obtained.

Our nine had now such a rep. that the idea had become fixed in the minds of nine men—"we can sweep the Sophomores of the land." Chester was to be the first Waterloo for our foe, and then Yale and Harvard were to meet their Sedan. Boldly Kentucky Jim entered the Faculty room, and delivered a set speech on the victory which was to be scored for Princeton. Of course he got leave, and ten more joyful faces could not be seen than those which started for the Pennsylvania Military Academy. When they had arrived and had entered the grounds, two professionals were seen and recognized. Chester was sore over their defeat at foot-ball, and swore to redeem themselves now or never. Our boys had been lucky enough to get their dinner, and were as independent as Jack Hodge ever dreamed of being. The military boys vowed they had no professionals—none but students. But when the matter was pressed home, they caved, and admitted the fact on the ground of self-defense. To end the story, our nine started for home, feeling sure that they had spent a day, beside their expenses, and had nothing to show for it but the base-ball bats they had taken along, and the fictitious names of some lovely maidens whom they had met and left forever. Love's labor was lost; the nine disbanded for the season to recuperate for another year's labors.

Our required course in Cam was nearly done, and all determined to make the most of the few remaining hours. All attempts in Fresh year had failed to force out the expectorating joke. This year he had been more lenient, and had given us the time-honored story of the Frenchman who *would* drown, and didn't care a "Mary had a little lamb" whether anyone helped him or not, and so on to the second aorist of *λαμβάνω*. The last day and the last hour had come. All felt ready to celebrate the departure of the undying Homer, "the world's greatest man." Carman was up, and getting rattled on *ἡλθεν*, said it came from *λαμβάνω*. Result: a flunk, and the eternal wrath of the lecturer on the "equiv-alent of water." "Gentlemen, my paper is filled with disorder marks already, and there is no more room." Harsha passed a piece of blank paper up to Baker, and the latter, with pure motives, thought he was doing a deed of kindness when he handed it up to the desk. Cam added some hieroglyphics, and passed it back to Tommy, with the injunction not to allow it to be seen. But Harsha rushed to the front, and, taking the paper, read aloud, "three disorder marks." This created the wildest confusion, and Preach left a fine sample of McAlpin's plug on the map of Greece. When the last man had recited, Victor was prevailed upon to deliver a farewell address. Slowly he arose. "Prof. Cameron, it is with mingled feelings of joy and—" With a wave of the hand he was silenced with the remark, "Sit down, Mr. Hicks. I don't want to hear you." "Well," said Hicks, afterward, "it wasn't a gentlemanly thing for the professor to do, anyhow."

So ended our Hellenic days. All had learned to parse the second aorist, all could write Homeric Greek—when the text was before them,—and all rejoiced that they had met their last *καὶ γάρ*.

Along in second term the perennial mortar board put forth a new sprout, showed a few despondent leaves, and tried its best to blossom.

Gil began it. Let the vials of wrath be emptied upon his head, for he was the cause of the whole trouble. Gil is English, you know; and he began to talk about school days over the water, how comfortable a mortar-board was, and to how many uses it could be put—till at length the class thought that the mortar-board was about the proper thing. Now, once get a community of any sort in favor of a measure, and, be it ever so ridiculous, that measure, and that alone, is going to be put through. So it was with us. To listen to a debate on the mortar-board question was to be filled with amazement to think that mortar-boards were not in general use all over the world. What a convenience, what an absolute downright blessing was as yet comparatively unknown to humanity! They looked heavy, but pshaw! they were lighter than any other hat you could have. Yes, and then they kept the sun off you so well: the rim wasn't right over your eyes like a hat, you know, but raised more like a parasol. The tassel, too, was a nice thing; it kind o' kept time with you when you walked. Yes, and if a brick should ever fall on your head, why it would lessen the force of the blow so that you'd hardly feel it.

Jack Murdock appointed himself High Chief and Grand Marshal, and argued himself several shades redder every day.

A class meeting was held on the subject. It was voted to ask '82 and '84 to join the movement. The principal arguments on both sides were brought up. The mortar-board men were loudly cheered. Those speaking on the opposite side were hooted at and talked down. Wes Lynde, on this occasion, made the memorable speech of his life, advocating the introduction of rawhide pantaloons and patent leather collars. He also intimated that mortar-boards would reach the acme of their utility as cuspidors. But Wes was on the unpopular side, and his eloquence was wasted. The measure was triumphantly passed, and a committee appointed to

take orders and secure the mortars. '84 responded cheerfully, but '82 would not follow our lead. A Sunday was appointed when all should appear at once. The effect was tremendous. It was a gala day for the snobs who gathered in crowds on the corners whenever a festive Sophomore passed. Jack and Gil were heroes. Long live their memory!

But, alas! for human expectations. Two weeks fled, and but half the original number of mortar-boards appeared upon the Campus. A month passed by, and the man with a mortar-board was the subject of as much idle curiosity as Lord John in his scarlet tie.

And here, again, we draw the curtain, and put out the lights of the second year of '83. With its varying April days of pleasure and annoyance, of hours well spent and hours too often wasted, we look back on those riotous days with a strange mixture of pleasure and of pain. We tried our teachers' hearts, no doubt, but no more than they tried our brains. For what was to our credit, we rejoice; for that in which we erred, we can only plead the exuberance of youth, and make amends in our coming Junior year.



## Junior Year.

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We have lived through the verdure of Freshmen,  
We have held one long Sophomore spree,  
And now, on the threshold of Junior,  
Where are there such scholars as we?

WHEN WE gathered once more, in the cool September morn, we didn't differ much in stature or numbers—or in knowledge either, for that matter—from the old crowd of a few months before. Yet there was a sort of chrysalis-like change, from the caterpillar to the butterfly, as it were. To be sure, we all felt a little stiffish about the wings, but we knew that would pass. Sophomore year died hard. It had been little better than a loaf throughout, and no one would have grumbled to keep up the same thing for two more years. Some of us never did recover from those halcyon days of do-nothingdom.


And yet we all knew that we were no longer scheming, plotting Sophomores, up to anything but hard work. If Billy Agnew and Ben Butler were asked by a Freshman how they got through Sammy's Greek Prose, they couldn't help that. *Their* verdancy was inborn. With these, and a few other exceptions, the class at once pulled down its vest, straightened its cravat, put on its dig., rescued the unfledged when assailed, protected them from outrage, trained them for the riotous rush, and imparted to them such stores of wisdom as could only fall from the lips of Flint or Harlan. As to advice, it flowed free as the water from '81's fountain. Lord John at once saw his chance to benefit his fellow-Freshmen. He said he wished to benefit mankind, but it is hardly necessary to state that, by mankind, he meant his Lordship. His heart was good enough, until he got traveling with Smyser and Benny Mitchell. And he meant well, but was always in his own way. Scarcely had '83 blos-



somed into Juniorhood than, under the noble Lord's direction, the Campus was deluged and the bulletin-tree covered with notices, of which the following is a true copy :

"GENERAL INFORMATION BUREAU.

For the accommodation of new Students, I will be at my office, on the seventh floor of Red Tap Hall, every day, to give such information as may be desired relative to Board, Washing, Rooms, and Books. SPECIAL ADVICE TO FRESHMEN—GRATIS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

 Publishers' Bills are now due, at 3 N. W.

  Board on the Princeton plan, \$1.50 per week.

L. J. R."

He made a hit. Some meek specimen of loneliness and general forlornness would see the notice, amble up to the "Bureau," walk in, and there behold his highness smoking a "two-for," fragrant as myrrh, and computing the loss on an unruly keg of butter. John's information was fluent—stereotyped, in fact.

"As for board," he would remark, "you will find my one-dollar-and-a-half club just the thing. Hash in every style, with or without bangs or hair-pins, and butter imported from my own, my own native State—Maryland." Of course that settled it. Who could withstand such a bill of fare? To be sure, John had a special one for himself, for he said this was the only thing that made club-running endurable. Next in importance on the list of information topics was the subject of Books. He told Buckelew and Toler that he had an uncle who died recently—a large publisher of text-books—and he had inherited his entire stock. He was therefore in a better position to sell below cost than the Eastern capitalists, Wilson and Karner. The majority of the books he was selling at a figure simply sufficient to cover freight charges. "You will find me at 3 N. W. at any time—that is, either myself, or my partner Rue, or our special agent Petty." So far the information was given from purely benevolent motives.

But when it came to the Room and Laundry question, his little heart fluttered beneath his charitable bosom as he took a whiff on his borrowed cigarette. Lord John had met with a sad experience in his Soph year. He had been sent to Prof. Cameron's to have his washing done, and had, through the kindness of his friends, applied at the office of the treasurer for a room in the new Hall between Whig and Clio. With tearful eye he narrated to each caller his rash mistakes made even in Soph year. It had sorely wounded his pride, he said, but he had determined to run things on a business principle, and had therefore taken the agency for washing at the moderate charge of one per cent. on all amounts paid. It may be a matter of wonder to many, whence "My Lord" had acquired this propensity, but it is written in the police records of the city of New York. He had wandered there one Saturday, richly dressed in a flaming red neck-tie and bright yellow kid gloves. As he sauntered through Chatham street, pondering over his chances for the mental science fellowship, he was stopped suddenly by the mellow-voice of an auctioneer. He paused, entered a cigar store where the stock was being *sold at a sacrifice*. Ten boxes of *imported cigars* were offered for sale, and Lord John, in order to let people know that he had a word to say in the management of affairs, started the bidding at one dollar. From that figure it rapidly rose to three—four—and at last to five dollars. He thought this a large sum to invest in cigars—more than cigarettes had cost him all his life. And yet he could not rid himself of the idea that ten boxes of cigars for the small sum of five dollars and a half was a splendid bargain. "Must be sold! must be sold!" still rang out in clarion tones. "Clear Havanas at five for the lot I'm offered—five—five—will the richly-dressed young man make it five and a half? Five n'alf I'm offered—going—going—gone!" John stepped up and threw down the amount bid. Applying all the business principle he possessed, he supposed he had bought the

entire lot for this sum. Imagine his dismay when he was told he had bought the lot at that rate per box. He was required to deposit all his money, after which he started for a policeman. The latter referred him to a Police Justice up town, who referred him to another office, where he was told to call again in a week. He left the money and cigars and called the next week. "Its a dogged swindle! I want the man arrested and my money back." He was told to calm his feelings, go down and get his cigars, pay his fifty-five dollars, and go home a wiser youth. He did so; he came back to Princeton animated with the same spirit which inspired the auctioneer, started the book and butter business, and gave one cigar as a prize to every purchaser to the amount of half a dime. For further information on the cigar traffic, apply to Whitlock, who had a like experience. From that day John became a rival of W. and K., and sold his books at a great loss to regain the fifty-five dollars. The price of board at his club went up to one dollar and fifty-two, and commission on laundry work soared to one and a half per cent. It was simply an incident in the logic of events which was destined to make a bloated bond-holder of this ever memorable public beneficiary.

Every one was filled with surprise to see a figure blowing about the Campus, which was so familiar in Fresh year. In those early days it had been a hard subject to classify. As Lucretius would say, it was neither one thing nor the other, but far removed from both. It was Lee, of honeyman fame; Lee, surnamed Venus, the well-loved friend of Buck Antrim; Lee, who had been a class honor-man in Fresh year. When the final came in algebra, he entered into an agreement with Bell that they mutually assist one another. He was careful to have his assistance first; and when he had all he wanted, he was deaf to his assistant's entreaties, and, marching out with a smile on his face, scored a hundred on Rockwood and one point on the Western masher. Bell chewed the filthy weed, and expectorated fire for three weeks. Whenever

Lee was in sight, Wally would run up to a friend and beg him to hold him that he might do no violence to the person of this Boonton anomaly. Lucy ventured the remark that Lee had shenanegagged. "I guess you shenanegagged," was the reply. "What a honeyman that was, O, Venus!" "You're getting off a honeyman yourself," he retorted. But the lovely youth had been at Harvard in the intervening time, or, at least he said he had, and he came back adorned, as to his button-hole, with a red, red rose, and a determination to inscribe his name among the honored once more. But the graceful swing clung to him still. The same joint was loose in the hip movement, and the same love as of yore abode between him and the emigrant from the far Pacific. For Karner and Lucy he had no love, and soon the last spark of affection for Old Nassau died out. He left. He may have gone to Yale, but it is more probable that he settled down in New Jersey to repent the crooked path he had trod.

But mark yon towering form, carrying all before him with commanding figure and sonorous voice. It holds Bert Agnew in tow, the meek and lowly, and hails from Steubenville. Call him the chairman of Ede's bouncing committee; call him a member of the Red Ticket Seven; call him the famous umpire of the West; call him anything, in fact—and from the midst of the densest throng he would leap responsive, shouting, "Me name's Billy Trainer every time! What are you taking?" He is an energetic bird; he joined Whig Hall, had an article printed in the *Lit.*, and then chipped in for more profitable employment during the rest of his course. He soon got Bert Agnew entangled in his wily net, and the two, under the enticement of Buck Antrim, were convinced that Hightstown was the beau ideal of an Eastern town. It was formerly suppose that Buck visited the Co-ed. Prep. at that place, but he and the heads of Peddie Institute were not mutual lovers. In fact, Buck had told the manager that he might go to a warmer clime, but



if he troubled him there would be war. Consequently, when the trio, St. John bringing up the rear, reached the well-known spot, they had ample opportunity to make thorough inspection of the town without the restrictions of formalities. They "did" the place to perfection. Buck and Romulus went their way, and Bert and Billie did likewise. The last two had not spent three years at a Western college simply to learn a little Greek. They had there learned the noble art of mashing. This they had down so fine that they could estimate the possibilities and probabilities of meeting a girl a thousands yards off. As Billie forcibly put it, "We had learned how to point our game." From a diary kept at 2 South Reunion the following particulars are culled: "On leaving the bar, where we had found Jersey justice dispensed, we decided to inspect the machinery, and especially the 'stock' of Hightstown's factory. We had not gone far when a couple of birds were sighted in the distance, with head erect, coming against the wind. Soon they were ours, and we offered to escort them home under our protecting wings. All went well, and we were progressing finely until we reached the house and entered. What there transpired is written only too darkly in the memories of two sad and weary travelers. Perish the thought; let it go no further." But the mystery was happily solved by other two visitors, who were trying to walk off the effects of a glass of Vichy.

As they were passing the residence of the damsels, Billie was picking himself up from the front yard, while Bert was flying like the wind from a boot which was following him with lightning speed and terrific force. He lit in the middle of the street, and sweet objects they were. Covered with mud and uttering fearful cries, they vowed they would "never come no more," and then hunted a pump, where they once more became white men. They were ignorant of the fact that their comrades had seen the whole affair. When they all met there was a general salute. "Oh, we've had an elegant time! Were invited up to the mayor's resi-

dence and met some beauties ; where have you been ? ” said the knocked-out-in-one-round Trainer. “ We have just come from the pump—we were kicked out,” replied St. On the sword they swore never to tell, but it was too utterly good to keep.

Billie and Bert went out to mash,  
With Hightstown's fairest daughters ;  
They committed an act that was rather rash  
And had to fly to its waters.

Wardy was bucking Carman and Perry for the experimental science fellowship, and, consequently, delved into anything that had the appearance of a scientific fact. He was summering at Asbury Park, and had gone on the roof of his boarding-house to practice in first tenor for the Senior wandering choir. This was sufficient to create an excitement which would have satisfied any ordinary mortal, but A. C. longed for something more. His eye fell on some disjointed bones, which he at once saw were those of a human being. Then he speculated and generalized, arriving at last at the following conclusion : A terrible deed had been committed. A human being had perished by murder done with malice aforethought, and he—he, would divulge it to an unsuspecting world. He rushed to the office of a Justice of the Peace and made the disclosure. He vowed it could be nothing but murder, that the very fact of the bones lying apart made it plain that there had been a struggle, resulting in the death of the victim. Further, it was clearly a case of foul play, because no money or other valuables were found with the bones. A thorough investigation was at once ordered, and Wardy was honored by being allowed to assist. On the way to the premises, he figured out the whole mystery with such mathematical certainty and niceness that the day of the murder and the probable guilty party were at once decided upon. To make his version of the case still more plausible and the affair more terrible, he illustrated his theory by the aid of the bones of the feet,

which he had appropriated to himself. It took about two minutes' time, measured by Pard's "solargraph," for the police to find that a student of comparative anatomy had laid the bones of a rare animal on the roof to dry. Then Wardy declared he had meant it for a practical joke. "Why, you darn fool, don't you suppose I know a man from a kangaroo? I guess not! A fellow who has studied medicine as much as I have, and then not know—why, its idiotic!" However that might be, Wardy paid for his scientific knowledge. He was arrested on the charge of unlawfully obtaining and carrying off personal property, took the rest of his Summer's allowance to settle the difficulty, after which he retired to the residence of a wealthy Connecticut uncle to pursue his studies in vocal culture, and prepare for a grand concert, to be given at some future date. He gave up the fellowship, on his return, and devoted himself entirely to the anatomical study of the lower animals, starting first with the bones which he had discovered on the top of a sea-shore house, and which had caused him such endless trouble and so many sleepless nights. It was a practical joke after all, but not of the kind that Wardy had declared it to be.

The parents of a certain gentleman in '85, noted for his small stature and large cheek, came one afternoon to visit their darling. It was arranged, for economy's sake, that they should occupy their son's room, while he bunked with a friend. The arrangement in some way got to the ears of Ben Mitchell, who, being in his normal mental condition, imparted to Jack Murdoch, Lord John and Smyser a plan which met with instant approval. About twelve o'clock, these four hid themselves in the passage between the two entries of Edwards, and almost under the room occupied by the aforesaid parents. The programme for the evening's entertainment was part vocal and part instrumental. Its chief fault was too little variety. It commenced with an instrumental solo by Smyser, upon the tin water-pipe. The

other parts came in at the proper time, Murdoch, with a poker in hand, calling forth tones of melting sweetness from a sheet-iron blower; Lord John, on his world-renowned and only tooter, and Mitchell lending his harmonious voice to the chorus. The whole produced an original and pleasing effect. Smyser enlivened the periods between performances by entertaining remarks and conjectures. But this state of affairs was not to last long. Richmond and Bratttan, on the floor above, heard the sweet strains, and were so delighted that they at once sallied forth to present the performers with bouquets. After some search they located the music, and, leaning over the upper closet, began to fling them ashy congratulations from above. By this time North Edwards was aroused. The situation of the serenaders was delicate. Hearing the ovation preparing for them, natural modesty prompted them to retire. But this was not so easily done; for the door into North Edwards was locked, and to go the way they came was to subject themselves to the shower of water, coal and ashes, which Brat and Richie were keeping in readiness above. Entreaty and supplication on the part of the besieged proved as fruitless as commands and threats had been. The besiegers were relentless, and answered only in shouts and taunts.

At length the door was opened, and the party took refuge in Lawson's room. But Mr. Kimball, guardian of the peace, arrived too soon and spotted the door. Deacon White and Potter urged that the door be immediately broken in. Finally, upon repeated demand, Lawson opened up; but behold! he was alone. Mr. Kimball, however, was too keen. The closet was unlocked, and out sallied the crowd, Benny looking wild, Lord John sheepish, Smy brazen, and Jack entirely unconcerned. Mr. Kimball looked astonished. Juniors! Could such things be? He sadly departed.

But this was not all. Their hearts were wroth at the conduct of those they once called friends, but whom they could

call friends no longer. They determined to see Richmond and Brattan at once. They therefore saw them.

Not otherwise than when Jumbo, awful beast! angrily beholding every species of domesticated canine frisking about the billiard hall, does, erect as to his tail and still arisin', snorting forth as with fire and smoke from his distended nostrils, leap wildly from Peace's lap, and great is the slaughter; thus, indeed, rushed Jack, John, Benny and Smy upon the defenceless Brat and Richie. Jack dealt logic right and left. Ben used indignation with powerful effect. Lord John spoke of honor and friendship. Smy breathed forth language terrible in its strength. "You ought to be ostracized!" cried Lord John, and the others echoed his words. "And I believe our class will ostracize you—both of you."

And this, dear reader, is the reason why these four children are called "ostracizers," even to the present day.

The time for cane-spreeing drew near. Sophs were beginning to pick their men and lie about their weight, but Eighty-three was ready to help the Freshmen. The regular occupation of all who had any idea of the spree was two hours of muscular development during the day time, and three hours of evening practice anywhere between Clio Hall and the canal. Gil had dropped back from Eighty-two, and in him we had a prize. Well did we remember how he had turned us from vegetable green to blue in the preliminary of Fresh year; how he and the *anti-machine* man, Jenny, had struggled for the supremacy. And now Gil is just as energetic in preparing our protégés for the same contest. Nothing of moment occurred during the practice. A Freshman might dislocate a shoulder, or have a nose broken, but such trifling accidents or incidents passed by unnoticed. There was one night, however, which will be ever memorable on account of the novelty of its proceedings. Gil and Flint were training some men behind Whig. They were going it strong. Up and down they went, turning and writhing in



every possible position. Soon a tall figure emerged from the pines in the rear of the Philadelphian. He stood and watched for a minute, and then started for the scene of the conflict. Seizing Gil by the neck of his pants, he pulled and tugged, shouting as loudly as possible, "Come away now! come away! I know who ye are! Ye are Sophomores mangling me Freshmen. Come away, I say. I'll have ye all sent from me college!" At this point he gave a tremendous tug at Gil, when the latter arose, and, not knowing his assailant, caught him about the waist, and landed the venerable figure on the ground at his feet. Then seeing his blunder, the whole party left the grounds faster than they had entered them. The "Sophomores" were not sent from "me college." They were undoubtedly known, at least "within one or two" of them, but the experience was perhaps taken in the "joint dogmatic and deductive" method, as a lesson not to participate in the sports of the cane-sprees.

It was shortly after this that Flip was taken sick, and it was quite shortly that he was well again. His case had been reported according to the new rule, and, as a consequence, he was visited by Dr. McCosh. A crowd of fellows had assembled in Flip's room, and were indulging in a harmless little game of poker. The room was filled with jollity, mirth, and smoke. In fact, under the circumstances, it could not have been otherwise. Some one happened to look out of the window, and saw the caller approaching. Like the occupants of a raided dive, the crowd hurriedly gathered their tools, and taking all the unnecessary medicine bottles along, slipped into another room, while Flip, completely dressed, dove under the bed-clothes. Everything would have gone well had he been a little more careful in covering himself up. He put on a ghastly expression, ruffled up his side-whiskers (?), but alas! he forgot all about his shoes. "Mr. Duane, are ye quite ill to-day?" Flip faintly, "Yes, Doctor, I have a severe attack of—of malarial fever." "And have ye been able to sit up yet?" "No, Doctor, I have not

been able to raise my head. I'm so sorry I missed your lecture this morning." "Ye look unwell, Mr. Duane, but how comes it that ye have your shoes on?" This was a stunner for Flip. His favorite expression, paraphrased into the "delight of Hades," was murmured inwardly again and again. How in the name of Old Nassau was he to escape? But a happy thought struck him. "Oh, Doctor, my feet are as cold as—my feet have been so cold that they have to be wrapped in warm cloths inside my shoes." "Hm-m-m" was the only answer, as the Doctor left the room. The rest of the crowd was shaking with laughter, as the invalid meekly slid out, together with his feet, and again the play began.

Flip's was not the only case of Junior year debility. Clair Royle was also once placed upon the sick list. Whether they suffered from the same affection or not, is unknown, but it matters little in describing the present incident. He had been confined to his room for a few days, and was just beginning to feel like himself again. One morning he heard a slow, stately tread outside, followed by a knock upon his door. Now, Clair had spent a good deal of time—time which might have been far more profitably spent in anticipation of Mechanics—in acquiring that peculiar Scottish brogue he had been accustomed to hear in the lectures on Psychology. He thought this a good chance to practice it. In answering the knock, he therefore brought out the "Come away, there!" with the identical accent heard at the Fresh reception. The door opened, but as Clair was lying on the sofa with his back to the door, he did not once notice who his visitor was. "And, Mr. Royle, they tell me ye are unwell. Is it so?" As these words fell on Shorty's ears, he at once concluded that he had a rival in the Presidential dialect, so he at once put into play all his powers of mimicry—"Yis! and I am unwell to-day, Sur!" Just then he turned around, and, to his utter horror, saw Dr. McCosh standing by his side! What in Heaven's name

was he to do? Shorty stammered and stuttered, and at last ground out some sort of an apology—"Yes, but Doctor, I—I didn't know who it was. I am somewhat better, but—I beg your pardon, I really thought it was the entry servant—that is—I—" "Niver mind, niver mind, Mr. Royle, I know all your tricks. Come now, and how long have ye been away from chapel exercises?" And so the interview went on, but the talk was rather one-sided. Shorty had very little to say, and what he did say smacked in no wise of the dialect, the Scotch brogue, in which he had shown his proficiency. He had enough of that to last him a lifetime, and more than enough for his "psychological condition."

In connection with the name of Sinclair, that of Ned naturally comes up. Vague rumors were afloat, to the effect that he was cultivating a moustache, but they were generally discredited, as no evidence appeared to substantiate them. True, in some of his moments of profound thought, one might see him nervously twitching at something in the place where it is supposed a moustache ought to grow; but in vain. This is supposed to have been the cause of Ned's tragic air. In fits of despair, he used to rush to his room, and give vent to his pent-up feelings by pouring forth one of Shakespeare's most fiery productions. After two months of this strange and despondent action, he saw signs of the coming harvest. There was still a hook whereon to hang his hope. But Ned was such an incessant talker that all the vital force required to raise a beard was consumed. It came but slowly, and does so still, until now his upper-lip has the appearance of a piece of Princeton butter. Perhaps I have given too much space to this seemingly trifling incident, but it was a serious one, and not for Ned alone. For when Hewitt—"don't you know Charley Hewitt, what takes bugs to Professor McCloskie?"—went West, and stopped at Salt Lake City, Ned's mother asked, with much anxiety, about his appearance. "The reason I

ask," said she, "is, because Ned is so anxious to raise a moustache that he shaves every morning, when at home."

The big snow of the season had come, and Rocky Hill and Kingston were merry with Fred Shann's balky horses and jingling bells. Preach still wandered to his farm, near Beadin's Brook, half-way between Dogtown and Blawenburgh. No snow could stop him, as long as the old clock "ticked" at the livery stable. He started out, one afternoon, in a fit of desperation and two feet of snow. All went well. Where the road was impassible, he took the fields. Once his horse stumbled in a ditch, and Preach thought his last hour had come; but he finally got himself out. Through snow-banks, over fences, and across lots, he wound his way, until he arrived within half a mile of his destination, when, cruel Fate! he could get no farther. There he stood and gazed at the well-known house which contained his "all in all." It was so near, and yet so far. Tantalus never endured such tortures. Here was a whole afternoon wasted, besides his horse hire—or its equivalent, a part of Shann's book-account—while the shades of night were falling unpleasantly fast. Nothing could be done but to turn round and retrace his weary steps. His eyes gushed forth bitter tears—tears for such awful luck—and these, united with the gathering gloom, caused the unhappy youth to lose his way. He wandered round a ten-acre field, with little progress toward home, for four mortal hours. It was about ten o'clock, when a farmer happened to see him in his circular ramblings, and set him on his journey home. It is unnecessary to say that Preach made up for this lost call by doubling the length of his visits for the next week.

Traveling over to Rocky Hill, we see a joyous party starting out for "a straw ride." Regardless of numbers, this happy crowd was packed in "Bull" Gulick's big sled in comfortably close quarters. At first there was a wrangle as to who should have the privilege of occupying the corners. Why this was a subject of dispute is unknown, but can per-

haps be explained by Sam Smith. After this delicate question had been settled, and it had been decided who was to carry the elixir of life, the word was given, and away started the rejoicing crew for Somerville, some fifteen miles distant. The night was chill, but the mercury would have had to tumble several degrees below zero before any of that festive gang would be left. The journey was enlivened by the discordant sonnets poured forth without stint upon the unoffending dwellers along the road.

Nothing of note occurred on the trip—at least nothing which was told to your historian—until the return. The same drawing of lots for corner seats was gone through with, and the lots fell upon Sam, Preach, Landy, and “the Runt.” The last mentioned felt as he did at Hightstown a little later—he didn’t feel his oats. The rest had no need of Joe’s prayer. In the hush of the solemn night, unbroken save by the creak of the runners, while some lay safe in the arms of Morpheus, and others safe in some one else’s arms, pealed forth Joe’s voice, clear and loud,—

“Mooney, mooney, shine on me,  
And make me spooney, spooney.”

His prayer was heard, and the rest of the ride was one of exceeding peace and joy for all.

Chronologically, we must now retrace our steps to the foot-ball season. The grounds had been put in good condition, and were as level as Tape Bryant’s head should have been. All that was needed for a prosperous season was to have the grounds watered and rolled. Now, Billy Field was one of the directors. Up to this time it had always been the impression that the Scientifs. were infinitely more practical than their Academic brethren, and in consequence of this feeling, Billy was chosen as the man to have the work done. His chief claim to scientific attainments lay in the fact that, a few days previously, he had stood at the black-board a full half hour, making havoc with a chalk-box in an



attempt to make sixty figures a minute; and when Big Mac asked him what he was at, he replied he "didn't know, but thought he would get it in a minute." Yet, notwithstanding all, Billy's figurative ability was never questioned; and, in fact, it proved in the end to be altogether figurative.

He prepared an elaborate and detailed report, of which the following is a copy, *verbatim, et literatim, et spellatim*:

"Fellow Directors, I beg leave to submit the following report:

In order that the expense devolving upon the Association may be as light as possible, I have personally surveyed the athletic grounds, and find that they contain forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty feet. The grounds are in such a condition that they will require one gallon of water per square foot. The cost of each gallon of water—expense all told—I have estimated at one-half cent. The total cost, based on the actual measurements and estimates, would be *two hundred and seventeen dollars and eighty cents*. The idea of watering the grounds is therefore impracticable, as the treasurer states he has on hand only two hundred dollars.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM PIERSON FIELD."

Of course this settled the watering question. The idea of expending over two hundred dollars in so harmless a fluid as water was not to be thought of; but, by a happy thought, another director consulted a horny-handed son of Erin as to the expense, and the startling answer came, "Bedad, oi'll do it fur two dollars and a half, sir!" "All right, go ahead and do it then," said the academic director, fearing least the Hibernian might repent him of his hastily-made bargain. This was too much for Billy. He knew that figures didn't lie, and could only conclude that the working classes of the country were shamefully underpaid.

Frequent and useless were the attempts to secure examination papers in Junior year. These efforts began on the night before examination in physics, during the memorable "*non vult*" Fresh demonstration. The servant-lovers' scheme had failed, not that the lover loved the money less, but that he loved his loved one more. The Freshmen were

out, and ready for anything, it mattered not what. The pollers of '83 thought it an excellent opportunity, with the aid of the Freshmen, to carry out their project. After the different Professors had been visited, and one or two dozen street lights broken, they felt they were in proper shape to give Professor Brackett an electric shock. The plan was to have the Freshmen start the racket, draw the Professor out, and then have the Juniors rush in and secure the paper. But, alas! for human hopes! the whole thing missed fire. The Freshmen fled, and the upper classmen, to avoid detection, struck for the canal, followed its banks towards Kingston, wound their devious way to the "house of the seven gables," (red ticket admission,) and got back to town just in time for breakfast. Coop was suspected of participation, and considered it such an outrage on his character that he resolved to leave "indefinitely." The others who were in the muss were "Billie, the Western umpire," Robey, ex-Secretary of the Riding Club, and Jennison's machine-candidate, who was bounced out of Rocky Hill for winning the affections of a widower's Brooklyn visitor.

Coop's delicate sensitiveness was not at once affected by the soft impeachment. It took two months for the Faculty to find out that he had convicted himself in pleading "*non vult*," and when they did, they made it uncommonly warm for him. At this time he had another chance to show his prowess. He played it on handsome Jim Flint in his labor-saving scheme. 'Twas the night before logic final, and the paper would command any price. But the price weighed nothing with the daring adventurers; it was the hope of making a success of what had so many times proved a failure.

About nine o'clock they repaired to Dr. Atwater's residence and stationed themselves where they would be invisible from within, but where to them everything within was visible and audible. The expounder of the "illicit process" was absent, so they waited out in the cold until he came home. They listened intently, but not a word was said about the

coming examination, or the nature or whereabouts of the paper. Still, they were treated to a full description of those whom he had met at the reception, the different kinds of cake, and bits of social gossip—but this would not do. Finally, when the inmates had all retired, these two guileless youths decided that the paper must still be at the printer's.

What to do and how to do it, was decided in a moment. Coop's ready inventive power here served him well. Away to the Second Church they hied, and gaining entrance through the rear door, groped their way through the dark and gloomy aisles to the gallery, broke a stained-glass window, and awaited the devil's development in the printing office. Here Flint uttered a half audible yell of joy, for at last, at last, they had struck their bonanza! One by one the papers passed through the press—one by one they counted them and waited in ecstatic impatience for that printer to go home. He arranges at last, when fully through his all-important job, all his printed matter, extinguishes the gas, and leaves it all to darkness and to them. One more step and the prize is won. By means of a stolen ladder, the two mount and enter the office, secure two of the longed-for papers, get down to terra firma once more, and hide the ladder for future use. Chuckling with glee, they hurry to Witherspoon and light the gas to prepare their papers in accordance with the stolen treasures. But what! it cannot be true! Again they read, and again, and at last with a groan they realize that all their labor has been lost on—

<p>SANFORD'S PULMONIC SYRUP,</p> <p>FOR</p> <p>COUGHS, COLDS, AND CONSUMPTION.</p>
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The festive crowd from Witherspoon had boarded an east-bound train, and the immortal Peace was there in all his

glory. How many a gentle heart beat faster beneath that goggle eye! How many a tender soul had been raised to realms of pure delight by a single glance from him, where a smile from Jerry or Joe Seguin would fall like seed upon stony ground. But to-day he was destined to fail ingloriously. His career, hitherto so brilliant a one, was to-day to be veiled in disaster and defeat. Like the transit of Venus it came, but unlike that gentle planet, the effects remained dark and gloomy on that o'ershadowed soul. The usual crowd surrounded Peace, until they had boarded the cars, when lo! that eye met the soft radiance of another optic. He shook the gang at once, and seated himself behind two of those lovely damsels of whom only New Jersey can boast. The rest of the crowd took seats in front, and by the aid of a hand-glass, watched the doings of this amorous youth with his charmers. He didn't seem to get along well—had to do it all himself, without the slightest assistance from his fair would-be captive.

Ever and anon, amid the rattle of the car-wheels and the tooting of the engine, would be heard the anxious question, "How are you now, Peacey?" "All right, my dear, she can have me," would be the answer. The damsel was still cold and distant, but not so Ned. To keep from seeming embarrassment, he would fire some passing remark at the crowd he considered left at the other end. At length the gang waxed merry, and the train re-echoed their stale jokes and innocent laughter. "Now," thought Ned, "I'll show them a little Latin," and he roared out, "Fellows, if you don't keep still, I'll summon a sheriff's *posy*!" Every one in the car heard it, and greeted it with a shout of laughter. The girls buried their faces in their handkerchiefs; the conductor had to stop punching tickets to laugh; the brakeman forgot the name of the next station, and oh, unkindest cut of all! his perfidious comrades set up a regular howl. As Peace hurried to the smoking-car, the red blood suffused his pallid brow, he dropped his cane, and was heard to mur-

mur, "Fool! I might have remembered that I got conditioned in Latin!" Flip took up the thread where Ned had dropped it and was more successful in his attempt.

This history would indeed be incomplete without at least the mention of a very severe case, and its partial cure. One of our number was suffering under a mental derangement. To meet with him, to talk to him, to see him in recitation, one would never for a moment imagine that he was other than in his right mind. Yet the symptoms increased with such frequency and violence that his friends began to get seriously alarmed. We refer to Rudd. It was curious that whenever the distemper seized him, he would begin to pun so frightfully as to blanch the cheeks of all within hearing. At first, we thought he did it with the idea that he was amusing; but Rudd was a kind-hearted and gentlemanly fellow, and when entreaty and supplication made him, if anything, worse, our only resource—and certainly the most charitable—was to refer it to softening or other affection of the brain, of which these outbursts were merely symptoms. When this was generally known, our feelings toward him changed from a mild aversion to a sincere pity. But the strain was too much for some. Billy Trainer did not swear at him for a whole day, and was so overcome that he had to go to New York to recuperate.

But Rudd went on, from bad to worse. He joined the Jolly Friars. The meals were usually passed as follows: Rudd comes bursting into a room full of noisy fellows; "Say, boys," he cries, "if a bee lights on an icicle, that'll make a b-icycle, won't it?" Laughter ceased; an oppressive silence followed, broken only by a few muttered words from Billy Jones, unfit for print. "Please pass me the staff," says Rudd. "Say! Hewitt!"—as Charlie helped himself a second time—"you'd better stop. You're pretty badly corned now." "Rudd!" exclaimed Perry, "for Heaven's sake—" "Say! come off," retorts Rudd. "By the way," says Gill, "I saw some nice puppies to-day." "That



reminds me," breaks in Rudd: "Why is a dog with puppies like a theological doctrine?" No one answered, so Rudd said: "Because she's a dog-ma; see?" "Waiter," said Ed Royle, as soon as he had recovered somewhat, "these beans are burnt." "That's just what I've been saying all along," says Rudd. "Did you know that Dougal was married?" asked Red Billy. "Gad, I'd like to have seen him propose. Wonder how he did it?" exclaimed Ed Royle. "Easy enough," Rudd interposed, "he just said 'do-gall,' and she did. Eh! Waiter, get me another piece of defunct cow, *silver plate*." "Cork up." "Shut up, Three-feet, Back Yard." "Another pun, please," said Richie, despairingly. "'Pon what?" asked Rudd.

And so it went. The boys began to grow thin after awhile—all except Bert Agnew—and defensive measures began to be talked of. At last it was agreed to impose a fine of five cents for every pun gotten off at the table. All voted for the measure except Rudd. The proceeds were to go toward a club set-up. Before the week was out, \$3.15 were in the treasury, from one source; and in a few days more, Rudd was borrowing money from Shorty Royle. The lesson was a severe one, and produced a reaction. The affected cerebral matter began to rearrange itself, and his darkened understanding to recover once more its power. It was an awful struggle, but Rudd was plucky. Sometimes he would lie back in his chair and grasp the table, while his features worked convulsively. But the cure was finally effected, and now, only the presence of ladies excites him beyond self-control.

Since Fresh year our nine had been lying back, apparently waiting for the home stretch. But before the great and final day should come, they determined to make a gallant effort in a fray with '82. Eighty-four and five were soon out of the race for class championship, and the tug evidently lay between the upper-classmen. '82 and '83 had each won the same number of games, but it was depressing to the Seniors

to reflect that, after gaining the day in their Junior year, they must again meet their inferiors—in age. Their conduct was marked by the same confident boldness they had displayed three years before. But the blood of Ed Ernst was up, and Jim Rafferty's wrath was kindled when they reflected on the disgrace of leaving Old Nassau beaten by a Freshman nine in their Soph year, and failing to retrieve that defeat by a victory in their latter days. We all pitied the mortified class, but had no other feeling toward them. Being ever exceeding loud as to mouth, they, in the flush of rage, challenged our nine to play them at once.

But our nine had already disbanded for the season, and it was decided to wait until Spring, and then give the would-be victors a chance at vengeance. Now, when the spring-time came, a change had come o'er the spirit of '82's dream, a calm after the storm, and they thought it best to let well-enough alone. A tie they considered better than a defeat, and so showed one of the rare instances of wisdom displayed in their college course.

It is well known that Osborn had a bull pup, whose name was Pete. He was an innocent dog—that is, Pete was—and had been curtailed, as to his rudder, in early life. Billy loved Pete, and Pete loved Billy. Now and then Pete would stray into recitation, but as soon as the Professor would announce that the animal was in search of congenial company, Claude Brodhead would kindly remove him. One day he came in to enjoy a little logic, and would not be put out. He had heard that dogs were animals—ditto his master—and wished to find the logical conclusion from these two facts. So, when Claude tried to get him outside the door, and Pete heard a whistle and a "Here, Pete!" from a hundred fellows, he concluded the majority wanted him to stay. So he stayed; and began trotting about the room in a manner very satisfactory—to himself and the fellows, but not to the Professor. On the latter's brow stood great drops of perspiration; on his cheek glowed the red flush of direful

anger. The whistling and calling of the dog continued, and so did the dog. When Dennis was summoned to remove the obnoxious quadruped, the way that dog slipped from the unhappy Mercury's grasp was marvelous. Round and round they went, until at last Pete, in his eccentric course, bounded on the platform. With the precision worthy of the logic taught, aim was taken by that august foot, and the luckless canine went whirling through space, propelled by a No. 14. A sympathetic "Oh!!!" echoed through the room, as the class gazed on the fainting form of their late companion. Dennis carted out the remains, and never afterwards did Pete venture to enter those classic halls—he had had enough logic to last him through the rest of his few remaining dog days.

Just after the foot-ball game in New York, the boys indulged in one of their celebrated rackets. Even Jim Harlan succumbed, and next morning, when Haxall invited him over to Hankins' to partake of a little plain soda and amonia, his insulted stomach revolted at the thought. Jim Flint and Laurie Riggs sought an early couch at the Park Avenue, more from necessity than choice, perchance. In the same room Fleming and Tommy Baker had a bed, folding up so as to resemble a wardrobe. The city air had no effect on them before midnight, but toward morning they assisted each other to their mutual chamber. Now, they knew perfectly well what manner of couch they were to occupy, but now their minds were so beclouded with thoughts of Albany and *Troy*, that Tommy thought a joke had been played on them, and woke Jim from his feverish sleep to ask him where the unseen bed could be. By this time Jim was pretty nearly *compos mentis*, and curtly told them to pull down the wardrobe and go to bed. Tommy and George thereupon took hold and several times had got it nearly down, when, their hold slipping, it would spring back again. After repeating this some half dozen times, they at last succeeded, as they thought. By this time

Tommy was fairly mad, and George says he struck him, but Flint says George's foot slipped on an imaginary banana skin, and he sat suddenly down to examine the cause of his downfall. When they had finally tumbled into bed, oh horror! that miserable wardrobe began slowly to close up! Tommy was scared. George was already buried in profound sleep, but just then Laurie was awakened by a wild cry from Tommy, "George! George! wake up! I've got the D. T's. I know I have, for I'm all doubling up!" Laurie got up, fastened a spring, and of course the bed was all right. The D. T's had vanished, the downy couch was too full for utterance, but Tommy vows the next time he puts up in New York he will go to bed early and have something that *is* a bed, and not a pair of scissors.

It is sad to observe how seldom men will profit by the experience of those who have sinned and suffered. Has not every one read the story in a Sunday School book of the bad little boy who would go fishing on Sunday? and yet in '83 were four bad little boys—who, disregarding that sad story and its painful ending, must needs go out—not fishing indeed—but boating, on the Sabbath day. Billy Scott was one of them, and he ought to have known better. The idea of a man of his social standing and intellectual status going boating on Sunday! Much better had he staid in College, and read the "Mysteries of London" to Ben Bedle. Yet, so he did, and, to add to his wickedness, enticed Fred Libbey and George Way to go with him. They left their valuables in the boat-house, locked the door, got into their shell, and disappeared round the bend. But just as they were vanishing, D. Percy Morgan appeared upon the scene, and his eagle eye caught sight of the retreating shell. He frowned darkly, pulled his fierce moustache, and murmured sadly, "Alas! and Sunday, too!" The rolling waves of the boundless canal flashed back the Summer sun, the sighing breeze sang its lullaby amid the rustling trees, on the fence rail chirped the robin; but to



all these beauties David was oblivious. On his noble brow rested a sombre cloud of pensive thought. Again, he sighed and murmured, "And on Sunday, too!" The bridge-keeper's white geese quacked a low lament in their yard; the bridge bull-dog stole softly up behind him and took a suspicious smell of the shine upon his polished shoe; the bridge-keeper's daughter gazed shyly on him from her maiden bower. But in vain! The massive mind of Morgan mused on an object now dancing on the billows so far away, and a third time he sighed, "Ah, me, on Sunday!" But suddenly that shapely brow grew clear, from those soft blue eyes flashed a brighter light, on those mobile lips quivered a wild resolve, while on every feature was painted stern resolve. "They deserve a lesson," cried he, "and I—I will give it to them." Quickly he left the bridge and, striding firmly with rapid, graceful tread, glided toward the boat-house. Like the god-like, swift-footed Achilles, quivering in his well-greaved limbs, his heart beating with fury within his hairy bosom, he stalks forth, his bright eye flashing in lightning wrath—so did the man-slaying Percy rush upon the boat-house. The door was locked, but a nature like his laughs at locksmiths. A window crashes, and with a bound the Englishman is within, the clothes of his erring mates are found, and three watches and several hundred dollars reward his courage. Once, only, the bold youth pauses in his burglarious endeavor. "Is this right?" Then he reflected that he was simply acting for his comrades' good, emerged, and left for College.

But, the consternation when our friends returned! Fred Libbey pacing the boat-house, wringing his hands, and moaning—"Watch, chain, and two hundred dollars, all gone!" The bridge-keeper was interviewed, but could tell nothing. His daughter could, but not for worlds would she have given that handsome scapegrace away. Drearily they plodded toward Princeton, and round them gathered sympathizing friends. It would never do to tell the Faculty, so



a New York detective was telegraphed for, but ere he appeared, Percy had returned his ill-gotten spoils, and Billy had promised never, no, never, to go boating on Sunday again.

Dan Fell waxed more and more a politician every day of his college life. He soon ensnared Jim Flint, and he, too, became a canvasser at every election. Dan roomed in the Carpenter building throughout his entire course; he knew it was inconvenient, but then he had the chance of getting on a jury once a week—a clear gain of fifty cents. He so aroused the people of Pennsylvania, in a stump-speech, that they begged him to leave college and run for the Legislature against Gearhardt of '80. But such petty honors his mighty soul despised. He aimed at nothing short of the U. S. Senate. His eloquence, on Washington's Birthday, moved his entire audience to tears—whether from amusement or from sympathetic woe, they know best. He was ever wise, discreet, judicious, politic. Having taken a prize over Jack Hodge, in Whig Hall, during Freshman year, he thought best not to enter again, lest he lose his hard-earned fame. The medal, with no tarnish of defeat, still dangles from his dainty watch-chain.

Everything, with Fell, must be done on a legal basis. If he bought a second-hand book, an agreement must be drawn up, fully setting forth promise and condition. If the seller refused to take so much trouble, Dan instantly began on the oration he prepared early in Junior year, for Chapel Stage, and, before he had gone far, his unhappy hearer would do anything, sacrifice anything, to see his back.

The most remarkable incident of this legal formality occurred in regard to a piece of property near the Episcopal Church. Jim Flint acted as assistant counsel, and it is from his report that these items are gathered. Some one had given Dan a piece of tilled soil, up town, as a gift. Most of the Class would have been content only with this, and nothing more. But the title didn't suit Dan, and besides,

he was bound to pay the nominal sum of fifty cents, that it might not be called a gift. He insisted on this until at last the owner of the property consented. It turned out, afterwards, that another man had a lien on the land; that still another had a claim on the shrubbery; and that the land was worn out. So he saw his fifty cents recklessly wasted. Yet he stuck to his title like a man, and still treasures it among his cherished mementoes of Princeton.

When one happens to room between an instrument of music, and another—a vocal one—in the shape of a candidate for J. O., he merits our deepest sympathy. How many a temper has been spoiled, how many an unrighteous word been uttered, how many an unhallowed prayer been offered up by such sufferers! Take, for instance, the example of Billy Field, and his companion Luce. For three mortal hours a day before preliminary J. O., Ed Royle tried to raise the ceiling of his room, and after he got an appointment, of course it was no better. Billy says he would just be getting interested in a math. problem, and have the whole thread in his mind, when he would suddenly hear a yell at the top of Ed's lungs, "Hold on a half hour longer, and a hero thou shalt be!" Whether this belonged to his oration or not, Billy couldn't say, but he could say that Ed was off his base if he thought any human being could "could hold on a half hour longer" to his problem amid such an infernal din. Clin Day and Richy roomed below them, and when no sound of flute, guitar, banjo, fife, violin, or organ was heard issuing from their abode, Lucy usually ran down to see if they were sick—or dead. Clin's ceiling was replastered every week in consequence of the stamping of the masher of Oregon—the masher of the ave.

Then there was Jack Hodge. The instant he began spouting about the "fifteenth commandment," the whole entry of North Reunion was at once deserted. Charley Hewitt was the only man who could stand it, and he only, because he had an immense horn, which he snatched forth

whenever the row began. Rankin of '82 roomed below Hodge. It was an appalling sight to see him on those mornings after Hodge had been stirring up the South, and omitted to shake hands over his fifteenth commandment, as he was pleased to call it. It is needless to tell how Crouse sent the tin roof of Reunion rattling down, nor how Duff was taken ill while listening to Wes Lynde's twenty-octosyllabic worded subject. Keller did no great harm, as Lord John had his book-store beneath him, and whenever Keller began, John would light one of his "Henry Clay's," purchased in New York, which, of course compensated for the nuisance. It is affirmed by some that Claude Brodhead woke Annin up one day in discoursing on the Reformer, but this is not well authenticated. Billy Osborn was obliged to use his pet bull-dog, Pete, in self-protection. And when the final night arrived, hymns of thanksgiving came unbidden from the lips of those afflicted youth.

How Shelley scooped things—alas! is it not known too well? His little soul was all afire, he distanced every competitor, and then sank back to his wonted state of apathy, there ever after to remain. It was funny to see Billy. Like a proud but Lilliputian rooster, he strutted up to the side of Jack Hodge with the question, "How does it make you feel, Hodge, to be beaten by a little fellow like myself? Say, my chances are pretty good for the Lynde, ain't they? Guess I'll go round and see about getting my grade raised for the valedictory. Too bad, Jack; I'm sorry for you." With this he set out on his sacred mission. Jack's heart died within him—some say Ned Royle's did too—for he had promised a friend that he intended to expend half the McLean prize in a calligraph, and the rest in a beautiful medal. So ended the J. O. Wes Lynde came just in time, for had he waited two months the beaming countenance of his Trenton mash would forever have blighted his hopes for a prize.

About five o'clock in the morning after '84's Soph reception, one of the most fashionable games of foot-ball ever witnessed in Princeton came off. Ned Peace, strange to say, had some champagne in his room, and invited a chosen few up to sip the sparkling cup, on the strength of their safe arrival at the shore of Senior year. Jim Archer was very willing to go, as his partner hadn't slipped in the waltz and made him say bad words. Trip, too, was agreeable, as he had only a few days before freed himself from an awkward obligation in rather an easy manner. There were others beside these roysterers. Tim Rogers shone from afar; Craig Colt reposed in the corner, wondering whether he were Jew or Gentile, while Joe Seguin, the midnight assassin, worshipped fair Luna as she sank to repose. It was in truth a joyous gang—indeed, it always was, save when Henry Alexander made unearthly faces and persisted in telling his many ailments and surgical operations. When their heads began to increase in size, and the first rays of the rising sun shone on them, Ned proposed a game of foot-ball as an appropriate ending to the year's hard work. Out came the ball, and out came the crowd, clad in their full-dress suits, which so short a time before had decked a ball-room. In their usual foot-ball suits, the team had often been compared to escaped convicts, but on this occasion, one would have thought they had just got out of Morris-town Asylum. The time was divided into spaces of five minutes, and at the end of each space, every fellow smiled on "Extra Dry." It was no farce, either in room or field, but dead earnest. They fell, they sprawled, they "tackled" and "held" just as though wearing simple Jerseys. When the game was over, rumpled dress shirts, dilapidated swallow-tails, were a sight for a Christian! Fit ending for a year which had opened with foot-ball and closed with the same! Peace had tried his hand as captain—he was satisfied—and his soul being at peace, he started for Virginia to investigate the land of Dixie and Jerry's tobacco statistics.

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Comrades of '83! We have passed our novitiate—we have passed our verdant days—let us trust that our relations, as we enter on our closing year, may be as pleasant as heretofore. If there be any here, any dear friend of Nassau, whom the Historian hath smitten, speak! if him I have offended. Yet, with Shakespeare, he can truly say, that naught did he “extenuate, nor ought set down in malice,” but in the spirit of brotherhood he has revealed a few of the incidents of our pleasant college life. That the sun of that college life may set as gloriously as it arose, is the earnest wish of those who now have safely weathered the storms, basked in the sunshine, shared in the fun, and amassed the lore, of three-fourths of the career of '83.



## Senior Year.

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Grave and haughty, grand and gloomy,  
Deigning now no Fresh to see;  
Striding lofty o'er the Campus,  
Seniors we of '83!

AND NOW the end draws near. We have entered on our final struggle; in ten months more the place which has known us so long shall know us no more forever, and from the chorus of weeping damsels, as in the old Greek plays, shall rise the threnody, "Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory has departed." The dawn of Senior Year finds us fully capable to grapple with the profoundest problem, to engage in the most abstruse debate. We realize that we are Seniors in its fullest sense. No more do we chuckle with fiendish glee as we catch the howling Fresh; no more the resounding cry of right! left! right! left! breaks from our Sophomore lungs as the gawky youth shamble by. We are Seniors! The gay pursuits of Junior Year give way to the broader duties of playing poker, mashing hearts, and preparing for Senior finals. To drill the Sophs for onslaught against their meek successors, from whose teeth the hay-seed has not yet departed, becomes a solemn duty. Flint and Jim Harlan enter into the task as seriously as they would into a foot-ball game. The burden is a heavy one, but they face it like heroes. The air reeks with coming storm. But hold! what figures steal forth upon the campus, marring the peaceful beauty of the scene. It cannot be! it is! Rusty Moore and Alexander-Henry had trodden with us the frivolous path of Fresh. hood, but after using all the trunks on which he could rest his manly form, he flitted to the shades of Columbia, where he abode two years. He returns to his first love the same melodramatic mooner as when he left her. His sojourn in the land of cheap lager has not faded the maiden bloom upon

his cheek. Still can he contort and twist and torture those classic features into forms of which Dan Rice or G. L. Fox would never dream. It is even said that he adopted Billie Agnew as a chum, that from his Grecian brow he might fashion the Jove-like contour of his own. Henry could entertain a select audience by the hour with dumb show of strangely comic contortions of his visage—and come up smiling. He gently lifted up his voice soon after his arrival and said it wasn't his fault that he was born pretty.

But how shall we describe Rusty? Eye-glasses, and the glimmering dawn of a moustache, the color of his name, adorned his profile. Also, Soc Murdoch. This fails to do him justice—it is too broad. But if your fancy can picture him on the night of the Thanksgiving dinner at Dohm's, he will flit before your fancy's-eye at pleasure. Often had he spoken of the soda-water he had consumed at Columbia, with his fellows. He offered to bet Duck Karner that he could floor the club. We draw a veil over what followed. Walter Green and Proctor became his guardian-angels, and to them we must refer our readers. It is difficult to smile, with an aching heart. We can only ponder on the mutability of Seniors, rejoice in their joy, and get out our handkerchief over their shortcomings.

It seems that, during the Summer vacation, George Howell died. It was generally known that he was in a state of semi-decease, at Philadelphia, during the boat race, and also at Lake George. Rumor said he killed our chances—so did the dailies. But the fact that George had departed this life, spread like wild-fire. From Baltimore to White Sulphur, and through the pathless West, the cry of woe went up. At Ocean Grove, where George's mashing had been chiefly done, where he counted heaps of slain, it fell like a thunderbolt. His victims wept sore, and refused to be comforted. Up the beach would wander a man of Eighty-three, arm-in-arm with a man of another year, and would ever and anon wail forth, "George Howell is dead!"

His friend would fall, gasping, on the Jersey beach. The billows of the Atlantic sang back the mournful ditty—"Howell is dead." Like a Greek chorus rang the mournful cry, "Alas! alas! for Howell!" Billie Taylor, the deaf-mute, ran into George's brother, at Newark. He had heard the mournful news, and ambling up to the dead man's kinsman, he moaned: "Did he have much pain?" "Who?" growled the bereaved one. The game ear of Billie rested upon him, and he heard him not. "Did George have much pain? Did he die calmly, and an easy death?" "Well, I don't know. He's down at the house, and if you would go down and ask him how he died, he might tell you." Billie bid him good-bye, and skipped. When we returned we could talk of nothing else. Jack Hodge and Flip Duane figured out the conundrum. They sagely concluded that George had worried himself into heart-disease, and this, aggravated by a case of "left," had shuffled off his mortal coil. The class was about drafting a set of resolutions, when lo! the dead man beamed on their astonished gaze, and scattered their sorrow like morning mist. It is one of the mysteries of college life where the rumor first arose. But it kept traveling until the middle of September. Alas! poor George! I knew him well. A fellow of infinite jest, Horatio. Peace to his manes.

The crew had hard luck at Philadelphia. After the race Jenny vowed he was as sick as any of the four, and being Captain, he naturally pleased himself. Result—the brandy procured for Howell was absorbed by the head of the crew. The city dailies reported that Jenney got mad at some unknown cause, put on his store clothes at the dead of night, and announced his fixed intention of returning home. But benevolent Sam Lloyd prevailed on him to stay yet a little longer.

As soon as Lake George was reached, the fellows began at once to train on old ale and mashes. Howell went down before the sparkling eyes of a Mrs. St. John, whose husband

was somewhat of an Othello. George, however, won his way in a measure to the heart of his wedded Dulcinea, whenever he thought the spouse enwrapped in thought. But, alas! for Howell! One day they were having a good Platonic time, when—enter husband. The circus which ensued made the mighty heart of Herc throb within him. He was not projected as he should have been—he was not hurled down the front steps, but something occurred which, for a time, utterly destroyed the steady nerve of one-fourth of our crew. Then again, Ned Peace thought he had a soft thing on a married Desdemona. But—I shudder as I tell it—her name was Buckskin, and she loved not the sighing Edward. Ever and anon a beaming smile would flit athwart her angel face, but quickly vanished. He could never tell how he stood, till one day at dinner, when he thought he was gaining ground at last, there floated to his despairing ear a few words which saved him from further doubts and fears. Quoth his beloved to her better half: “Who on earth is that fat creature forever staring at me? He thinks he is too utterly smart.” These words dropped into the ears of listening Ned with the chilling weight of Prof. Schanck’s “What is it?” and effectually cured him—for the time.

#### THE RACE.

Perry had footed it up to Lake George, starting from the geographical centre of New Jersey. The fact that he had been taken for a tramp, and fired out from a gentleman’s house on his way, was not calculated to put him in an angelic frame of mind; in fact, he was mad. Therefore, when he upset the boat while towing it up the lake and so spoilt our chances for the race, we did not marvel. Yet, until within a quarter of a mile of the goal, we held our own. But when Tommy’s shoes slipped out of the straps, by reason of the water in the boat, and we slowly drifted astern, Princeton had to content herself with a good third. In order not to spoil his record, Howell fainted at the finish.

'Tis darkly hinted as the cause that he beheld Mrs. St. John upon the bank. Whatever the cause, the fact was there,—he collapsed.

Many a thrilling story might be told of their doings at Lake George, but space forbids. How the Ft. Wm. Henry House was visited, the shoes abstracted from the chamber doors, and, together with the parlor furniture, gently laid to rest within the fountain; how Tommy made his virgin speech—"Gentlemen, I am too full for utterance;" how the Bengal Fusiliers made night hideous with the long cheer; how Baker smote the bartender of a temperance house for giving him ginger ale. Such incidents only tendered to enliven and awake our sojourn there. The night on which the prizes were awarded, Tommy, Peace and Bird arriving at the hotel, found it crowded. The only three vacant seats were reserved for the referee and managers. Entering, the three of orange and black stalked between the long lines of damsels and swains, and coolly seated themselves on the reserved chairs. And they kept them, thinking themselves worthy, while the judges stood. All being over, Ned rising, and seconded by Bird, proposed three cheers for Penna., but only beauty's titter rewarded him, and he subsided. So ended Lake George, and better luck next time.

Now, Tommy Wanamaker and Jim Harlan had not, during three by-gone years, ever been counted as extremists in the way of polling, but had always taken snaps when they could get them. They, with others of their ilk, had vexed the soul of our nearly forgotten Billy Tute when Fresh; when Sophs, they had striven in vain to win one exhortation from the lips of the Grecian minister; in the pleasant days of Junior they had caused science and religion to groan aloud. But when the Senior toga fell upon their shoulders, a sudden change came o'er the spirit of their dream. It didn't come until after they had chosen their soft electives, but it came—sudden as a Summer shower. As is well known,



Dr. Libbey was the regular statistical lecturer on aqueous salinity and tidal encroachments. In addition to this regular work, he had an optional course in Histology, which was taken by Wardy—a result of Asbury Park—Hoskins and a few others. During the early part of the session, the Professor gave a reception, to which Jim and Tommy were invited. Now, Jim thought he would be talked to death with questions about the Scientific Expedition, and Tommy didn't want to go; he thought a Senior ought to put a stop to the reckless extravagance of by-gone days. They therefore remained at home, hearkening to the soothing tones of the Seguinian lute. A few evenings later, the two were crossing the Campus, soon after the arrival of the seven o'clock mail, when Bob Shanklin gently whispered to them that the Prof. had left town on the 5:15, and it would be a good time for them to call. Jim had been playing foot-ball and Tommy had been practicing at cricket. Neither had changed his clothes, neither had laved the sacred soil of Princeton from his grimy hands. It mattered not; the Prof. was away; they would leave their cards, and so lift a preying burden from their souls.

They started, their steps bent toward the domicile of their revered preceptor, rejoicing in their good fortune. They stride up the steps; they half pull the bell-handle off; with jaunty air they await the coming of the Hibernian maid. Her No. 8 echoes toward them through the hall. Before the door was fairly open, Jim sings out, "Is the Doctor—" but oh horror! his hair rose on end, his voice clove to his jaws—it was the Doctor himself! He cordially greeted the unwashed twain. "Good mor—I mean—evening, sir," stammers Tommy. The befogged Jim blunders out, "I thought—a—you had gone away, Doctor, but—" "Not at all," was the quiet answer. "Well, sir, we came to see you about, about, the—a—the—" and here the unhappy Thomas broke down, and wildly sought to perforate the ribs of his fellow-culprit to make him finish for him. The

kindly Doctor asked them in, but Jim told him they had an engagement at eight with Dr. McCosh. But an idea struck him hard—and out it came. “What we came about, Doctor, is your course in Histology, in which Mr. Wanamaker and myself are much interested.” “You refer, perhaps,” said the Professor, much elated, “to my course in Histology?” “Yes, sir,” replied Jim; “my Western trip created in me a deep interest in such studies.” Of course, after that, they were booked as optional histological students; they were assigned their hours for laboratory work, and ruefully departed. Tommy wildly tore his locks, while Jim tugged at his. Shanklin was fervently consigned to Dante’s seventh circle below the nethermost depth of Hades. “Beast! Liar!” growled Jim, “I disown him! He is no more cousin of mine! Unworthy wretch! If the *Tiger* were not coming out next week, I would grind to powder the—” but the persuasive tones and honeyed words of Tommy poured oil upon that wrathful Kentucky soul. And now that unlucky couple may be seen issuing from the hated Histological room, blood in their eye, and murmured anathemas on their lips. And they sigh as they think there is no rest for the wicked. We can only trust their anxiety for that branch may meet with a rich fruition.

At nine o’clock every Monday the Senior class went in for an hour to our revered President to receive instruction on Doctrine. ’83 has always been noted for doing just about what she chose during recitation, and this hour was no exception. During the course of the lecture, college topics were the chief subjects of conversation; and consequently, near the close of each hour, when the Doctor announced that “I will now hold a brief examination,” eager eyes were strained toward the board where the main points were written down.

“H—m, Mr.—Mr.—eh—Antrim will now recite. And Mr. Antrim, why was the tower of Babel built?”

"Oh, why, it was built, sir, to—to—it was built for the purpose of—to—built for (aside) what the deuce *was* it built for?—Why, oh, yes, to get out of the way of the flood, sir."

"H—m—that will do sir, Mr. Antrim, you have not been attending. Sit down sir. Mr.—Mr. Doo—Duane will now recite."

And so it went. Those sitting in front of the board tore, and those out of the line of vision flunked. Sometimes "Jimmy" helped us out. For instance:

"And, Mr. Harsha, what is my next point?"

Harsha, vainly striving to see through Jimmy to the board, "Why, eh—"

"And that's right, only speak a little louder. It's con—con—"

"Oh, yes, sir. Con—eh—"

"That's it, con—conse—se—consecra—"

"Shun."

"That's right, consecration. And a sinner must first be con—con—?"

"Yes, sir, con—eh—"

"That's it, convict—"

"Ed."

"Convicted, yes, sir. Sit down. Mr. Wanamaker, in what way is prayer efficient to— Come I will not have it. That gentleman there making that unseemly noise. Oh, I know you, you there, there, on the second row. I will send you from the room. I know you within one or two of you—the efficiency of prayer, Mr. Wanamaker, what is it?"

"Why to—"

"Yes, yes; that's it, to—You there. You reading that paper. I know you. I know who you are. What's your name, sir? Leave the room, sir, and come to me at the close of the hour. Very good, Mr. Wanamaker, you may sit down."

This weekly exercise, after a time, became quite popular. After the lassitude and weariness of Sunday, it afforded an

excitement that was really refreshing. As long as we remember Senior year we will remember Jimmy's Bible hour; and as long as Jimmy remembers '83 he will remember Johnny Smyser.

The sun of Thanksgiving Day arose. Some time before, however, our buoyant hopes had met with a rude, rude shock. If ever against all doubt a question was settled, it was that we were to have the foot-ball championship. Every detail was fixed, and only three more games were required to blazon forth our victory to an admiring world. First, Columbia was to be buried at Queenston; then Harvard defeated on their own soil, and, as a crowning glory, the soil of the land of Polo was to reek with the gore of Yale, while the mighty roar of Princeton's triumphant tiger startled the land and the inhabitants thereof. Oh, it was all cut and dried.

Well, Columbia met her fate. But—Harvard, did you say? Pshaw! a few hard tackles of Peace's, one of Morgan's long runs, one mighty kick by Harlan, half a dozen goals won by Jerry's place kicks,—and orange and black flouts the air of Lexington and Bunker Hill. But, alas! for human hopes! A flag did go up, but it was crimson, and of all the sickly crowds that ever sneaked back to Princeton, ours was the sickest. We could only retrieve the stain upon our colors by utterly obliterating Yale, at New York, on Thanksgiving Day, and then returning thanks, in college fashion, in the evening. Ah, *Dies Gratiarum* of '82! We can forget thee ne'er, A day of woe and care, How chill thy biting air, What fruits thy memories bear!

On the towers and roofs of Gotham, the snow lay glittering to the sun. At noon, from the "Fifth Avenue" up, the streets were alive with coaches bedecked with the colors of the different Colleges, while Rome fairly howled with a dozen different cheers, each more discordant than its fellow. Stevens Institute cheered Yale when the blue was rushing

things, but if the tables turned, then Stevens turned with them.

How many a memory lingers still around those Polo Grounds; how many a bitter thought holds fast that chill November day! The ancient vehicle which was graced by the Jolly Friars, together with Haxall's kick, is enough to be one long source of wonder and amazement. But if you would have your soul lifted to loftiest heights, gaze on yon Windsor coach, all aglow with the beaming visages of the "Pumpkin Pirates." Yet the happy occupants saw nothing strange, in fact they didn't see much of anything. Yes, Buck Antrim thought he saw a Yale Freshman who was a trifle too joyous, and decided to mount their coach and all its occupants. It so happened that a descending current of air came from the Pirate coach, which, of course, settled Buck, and, rising, he gave three cheers for everybody, no matter whom. Then there was Hunt St. John, "with you until death," which came as speedily to him as it did to Whitlock. But the referee took care of us, as Sam Smith afterwards remarked. A slight cloud arose once 'twixt Saint and Conner, the bugler, but 'twas but a passing one, though indicative of the tempest raging in every Princeton breast. Landy Green had about forty friends on the coach at different times—friends whom he had never seen before, but whom he took for Columbia men. Larkin of '86 was accidentally thrown from the coach into a pile of snow, but this disturbed the soul of no man. It was in truth a jovial crowd, and at night waxed merrier still. 'Twas then that Saint and Whitty retired so early; that Lord John paid Jim Cornell three dollars and a half to keep still; then, too, Antrim met his "best friend," and Jack Hodge refused to be comforted because he came to market too late, and found that the door was shut; that Joe Seguin apostrophized and deified the glowing fire; and that Duck Karner thought it his duty to lend all assistance to an erring brother—the blind leading the blind. So sank the day at last to rest. Our



fellows had been laid out on the Polo Grounds by Yale, and many thought it unwise to mar the unity of the programme. For us, no more the ringing cheer; no more should we, as undergraduates, enliven the glad Thanksgiving Day. We had caught the golden opportunity—and it will never be forgotten. We came, we saw, we didn't conquer. Robbed of our foot-ball triumph, we were as exiles—exiles from hope, exiles from the foot-ball championship arena, and, saddest of all, exiles forever from the Empire.

But let us retrace our steps to the close of the Harvard game, and saunter slowly toward the old cemetery on Witherspoon street. But hie! What sight meets our astounded gaze? It is the hour when church-yards yawn, when spirits walk, when sheeted dead display their phantom forms. Around the lonely monuments of half-forgotten dead rests the heavy pall of midnight and of silence. And save the hoot of some complaining owl, and the ecstatic yells of a revival meeting at the Colored church, silence reigns supreme. Lo! there at the foot of yonder marble slab, which marks the resting-place of all that was mortal of Aaron Burr, kneels a shadowy figure, indistinct in the gloom, crying aloud, calling, pleading to the highest honor-man of Nassau's gray old walls, praying that on him may descend a double portion of that long-departed spirit to guide him safely through the more than dubious examinations yet to come. But for the earnest tones, the deep Louisiana voice, the Herculean proportions of him who pleaded so, the strange scene would have wakened laughter in the soul of those who heard, rather than have called forth their divinest pity. A whole hour that plea for help shuddered on the air, but ah, no answer came, and at last, utterly worn out, the devotee sank down in disappointment sore. Who was he? And echo answers—who? 'Tis a mystery, an enigma, a problem, to be solved only by the solitary, agonized actor in that midnight drama, some soul-stricken man of '83, his spirit rent by the awful news from Cambridge.

Just about the end of second term, the fellows began to get business situations, and leave. Clin Day, as treasurer of the Senior Glee Club, had received in all a handsome sum, so he left, in April, to enter the carriage business. He said that Richie's musical soul was of too lofty a pitch to suffer two to occupy the same room. George Fleming, too, found an occupation more lucrative than polling, so he didn't stay to take in the Western tour of the Glee Club. In Junior year, George had become badly embarrassed—not financially, for that was chronic—while on the tour. He was at a reception, when suddenly his charmer broke out thus: "Oh, Mr. Fleming, I do so love blondes! You are a blonde, are you not?" This floored the unhappy youth; with furious blushes he stammered forth that if she would excuse him a moment, he would introduce Tommy Baker to her, whom he felt certain she would admire. George had a few words with Bob Shanklin as to which had carried off the palm as handsomest man, and this little tiff, added to George's previous embarrassment, induced him not to revisit the classic shades of Princeton during third term of Senior year.

And there was Proctor; a little absent-minded, but that was a bagatelle. He forgot to set his alarm one night, and, waking too late for Chapel, thought he would make things satisfactory—to himself at least—by retiring once more and setting his alarm for eight o'clock. He did so, and was roused from his dreams at noon.

He went gunning one day, and when he reached the canal, suddenly remembered his gun. He stalks back to East College, muttering unseemly words, but when he at last reaches his door, behold, his gun is upon his shoulder!

But it was at Trenton that Proc. met with his most memorable adventure. He and Bob McKnight went down one Saturday on business. Now, as we all know, Proc. was ever a quiet, unassuming youth, one whom none would ever suspect of the wicked habit of mashing. Yet Smike

thought he noticed it when they had taken their seats in a Trenton bob-tailed car. Proc. was seated next a fair student of the Model School, and ever and anon his eyes would roll suspiciously. Bob quietly rebuked him, but in vain. At last Proc. could stand it no longer; he leaned over to Bob and said in plaintive tones "What shall I do? She is kicking me under the seat," and with these words he dashed madly from the car, vowing he could endure it no longer. Shortly after this, he left College. Dame Rumor has it that he afterward met his kicker, and found her really not so bad after all.

Richie is one of those mortals cast of a more delicate clay than common humanity. He is an artist, and a member of the Sketch Club; a musician, and a member of the Senior Glee Club. He delights in the artistic and poetic, and his soul floats heavenward under the ecstatic influence of divine music. Anything odd appeals at once to his æsthetic sense. He will laugh musically at a hop-toad, and caressingly address a June-bug as "you snide." He dotes on flowers, especially wild flowers, and will sit and look at a violet and eat candy all day—except when he is at dinner or playing tennis.

The arbutus season came and Richie must have some. Why, he could hardly live without arbutus; he must have it at once. So he and Billy Jones started out one day for the "Sand-hills." They hired a rig of Shann, a splendid rig, one of the sort that Shann only can provide; and drove rapidly off. The destination was reached and the arbutus was gathered. Coming back Richie wanted to drive. So, Billy, good naturedly, relinquished the reins. Richie whipped up the horse until the ancient buggy rattled uncomfortably. Billy expostulated, but Richie said it was fun, and laughed loudly to see the old nag switch her tail, said he wished he could sketch her, and then declared two or three times that it was rare fun.

"Look out!" said Billy.

But Richie said there was no danger, and Richie, as is well known, is always right. All would have been well if that big stone had not been there; but, unfortunately, there the big stone was. The buggy struck it, the tire broke, the horse plunged, the breeching slipped, the shaft-nut came off, Richie and Billy both shouted. Then a mingling mass of chips, bolts, spokes, horse, straps, Jones, cushions and Richie came to the ground, all at once, and in a heap; and Richie has not been for arbutus since.

It happens now and then that, from a humdrum and common-place life, a man will all of a sudden start, as it were, to his feet and astonish the world. Every once in a while we hear of some such occurrence. It would be strange, indeed, if an example were not to be found among the miscellaneous assortment of character in such a body as our class.

Billy Jones, gentle Billy Jones, alias "Reddy," "Tough," "Rope," "Texas Bill," etc., had always lived a quiet, retired life among us, treading on no one's toes, and getting into nobody's way, polling, playing the guitar, and holding chemical and physical discussions with handsome Charlie Hewitt. No one ever saw in his modest bearing the germs of the future great orator and reformer.

It is interesting to trace the origin and progress of his rising genius. When Billy first entered the class, he had no whiskers. This is worthy of note because, as is generally known, his whiskers and his intellectual achievements dawned together, and together attained maturity. Whig Hall was the scene of his earliest effort and his earliest success. Here he took a prize for speaking. This was but the forecast of his future eminence.

"Every life must have its aim" said Billy. And what was Billy's aim? The advancement of Texas. "Boys," he would say, with a double inflection and a Raymond gesture, "Boys, you don't know what a country Texas is. Why, I tell you it's immense. You can raise the most elegant crops there.

Why, it's fine, fine. I go down on our place nearly every Summer. We have a little place there, you know—three or four thousand acres or so, I don't know just how much." And this was Billy's great subject, and his great object was to induce settlement and speculation there. "Now, Percy," he said one day to the Dude, "if you have any money you want to invest at enormous profits, I can put you up to an elegant scheme. Just you buy some Texas land. It's fine. I guess I could sell you a little—just for friendship's sake, you know."

Billy is going to settle in Texas after he gets his dip., and take care of "the place." He thought at one time of establishing a school there. He wanted Charlie Hewitt to accept the chair of Natural History. It is rumored that Updike secretly applied for the position of matron in the girls department. In Senior year, our friend was made Washington's Birthday orator; and it is generally understood that he won his position as advocate of the memory of the immortal Washington, by his known ability as advocate of the claims of Texas.

Billy will succeed. He has all the elements of a great man. He is handsome, devoted to his cause, liberal in his views, and careful of his money. Why, it is only reasonable to suppose that a man who would sell Clin Day a broken pistol, and pocket the \$2 without a word, is going to succeed in this world. Then, too, at the Brown game he told Smyser that he was waiting till the game was half over, so he could go into the grand stand for half price. Don't fear. Billy will get along in the world.

What thoughts arise at the very mention of the name—T. Ross Paden! His character is hard to penetrate. In Fresh year it was thought that he would sweep such men as Landis and Durell from the deck, and take unto himself all the honors of our sojourn in Princeton. Gradually, however, these wild thoughts were dissipated, when he became captivated by a maiden from Stony Brook. He loved her



well, but not wisely; for so changed has he become that now he can go for a month without gazing at a book, and can stand before a professor with perfect ease, and utter his "not prepared." The real character of Ross, however, was discovered when he visited a Trenton clothing house. The proprietor was one of those strange personages, so similar to Lord John, who can make an ulster satisfy one who wants a frock coat. Paden beat the man down to ten dollars for a suit of clothes, and then returned to his duties, filled with glee. But when he was told that the vest didn't fit, he at once hastened back to have it changed. Now, thought Ross, I will make my fare by doubling up the vests. Well, he did double them up by putting one over the other, and no sooner had he reached the door than the owner of the establishment doubled up on him. Ross gently removed the upper vest, and laying it on the counter he hied him to the philosophical room of James, there to flunk as usual.

During the first three years of Harry Towle's college life, nothing had occurred to mar the tranquility of his course. He was always seen at Chapel; he was never absent from Bible exercises, and never cut a recitation. In fact, he, like cheerful Garmany or Joe Brattan, was a model youth, without a single thought of guile. In the beginning of Senior year a change was noticed on his countenance. He had that strange look, characteristic of Wardy or Harsha, after the tour of the Senior Glee Club, and it was no hard matter to see that Hen *was in love*. Who was it? The widow? Oh, no! the widow's charms had vanished. Go ask the heights of East Brunswick; wander through the shady avenue of Adelaide on any Saturday evening, and the whispering breezes will reveal it all. As the sun casts its last rays across the Raritan, the truth flashes through the wondering mind—*Hen is in love!* He confesses it himself, and declares that the *Nassau Herald* has one too few among those happily engaged. May his life be a happy one, spent near the "Retreat" on the river's bank.

As we near the end of our college days, the world is astonished to hear that the Princeton crew has won a race. For ten years the smile of Fortune had been invisible; for ten Summers, hope had been followed by defeat, until a victory on the water was thought as near an impossibility as is the endeavor to issue a set of notes to harmonize with all the eccentric views in accordance with Commotive Goodness and Regulative Righteousness. The simile here is involved, but the class will see that it is unavoidable, as Victor would say, on *ethical principles*. To return to the Crew, the first thing to be stated is, that Howell broke his record. No Mrs. St. John was on the Harlem to disturb the action of his heart, and, consequently, he pulled through to the end. Two races won on the same day! It seems like a dream, and yet it is true. Columbia, Albany,—all left behind! Jennison, Baker, Howell, Bird! Let their names ever be cherished as the four who have redeemed our sport on the water, and have shown that in Eighty-three there lies material worthy of Princeton.

Where did it come from? When did it first spring into life? These are questions which an inquiring world is anxiously asking. It's beginning is shrouded in mystery, as, indeed, are the beginnings of all great movements. But wherever, whenever, or however it originated, the Senior Glee Club is to-day an actual living fact, as any one in Princeton can testify. The first intimation to the college at large of the existence of such an organization was the soft and soul-stirring strains which from time to time crept forth from Richie's window. Later on, as the songsters grew more courageous, Fred Rutan went to Bob Shanklin and asked for the use of the College Glee Club room. This modest request being granted, the new club made free use of the room, piano and books. Was this gally? Verily, in comparison with some other things of which your historian might speak, it savored not at all of cheek. The club consisted of Richie, Frank Hoskins, Fred Rutan, Ad. Ward,

Bob Yard, Ed. Royle, Harsh and Shorty Royle. Fred Rutan was leader, nominally; but in actual fact every member of the club occupied that position at once. Fred beat time during concerts, and that alone distinguished his position from that of the others. Practice meetings were frequently held. On these occasions Richie presided at the piano and shouted vociferously and constantly for "more expression." To tell the truth, more talking than singing was always done. Comments and suggestions from all hands at once gave the meeting the character of a sewing society; while Harsh's and Claire's quotations from Harrigan & Hart, with actions expressive of the sentiment, added a sort of classical flavor. Above all, and through all, a sweet Scotch voice, a sort of honey tenor, continually piped forth such words as, "expression," "tone," "effect," etc. About once a month, some one would get disgusted and resign, only to come round next morning and join again.

The College Glee Club went on a tour: Why shouldn't the Senior Glee Club? No sooner said than done. Clin Day was immediately elected Business Manager; engagements were arranged and tickets and posters struck off. We have hinted that the Club possessed a certain quality, known in common parlance as "neck." Indeed, this was their prominent characteristic, their presiding genius, and carried them through many a dark valley and over many a stony path. Why, these rash youths ventured as far into the enemy's country as Stratford, eleven miles from New Haven. They arranged a concert there and carried it successfully through, in the face of a Yale audience, by virtue of pure concentrated nerve. Indeed, before they left, every girl in town was sporting the orange and black.

This was the place where the eminent qualities of the Business Manager showed to the best advantage. They went swimming—these young Apollos. At the river's side the Business Manager disrobed first and entered the water. Then the rest decided to take a boat—no matter whose—

and cross to the flats. The Business Manager thought it hardly worth while to array himself, so he took his seat as he was. The flats were reached, a fine swim was had, and the party returned in the same manner. As they approached the shore, a yacht sailed up containing a gentleman and two ladies. The Business Manager at once dropped into the water, and as soon as the shore was reached hastened to his clothes. Meanwhile the yacht drew near, and the skipper reproached the boys for taking his boat. The old man was deaf, and fifty yards from the shore. The ladies were desirous to move on, but the old gentleman was determined to know about that boat. Claire and Harsha roared to him from the shore, and endeavored to explain. The ladies urged him to go on, and, when unsuccessful, turned their backs to the shore and gazed across the water. And why? Simply because half way up the beach the Business Manager was frantically wrestling with an unruly shirt which had stuck half way and would go neither on nor off. The whole formed a pleasant and invigorating picture. That evening, at the reception, when Clin was introduced to two young ladies, he blushed for the first time in his history—a lovely blush, that mounted clear up to the roots of his sideboards. After the tour the Business Manager declared a dividend of \$3.97.

That vacation the club spent on the shore, paying their bills by means of concert receipts. One week was spent in Asbury Park. They all boarded together. Here it was that Richie first learned the art of flirtation. Richie was always a good boy, and used to vehemently declare that flirting "wasn't nice." But human nature is weak. Napoleon succumbed to Wellington, and Richie gave way before the wiles of a little French girl. Frequently since, he has been heard to declare that he don't believe in studying French under a foreigner; he likes a native. Richie grew sentimental, too. He used to wander by the hour upon the beach and gaze at the moon. But the subtle influence of



the moon upon the waters affected more than one. Levi Rutan lost his senses. He met a young lady, went and called upon her, and the family could not get rid of him. Hints were of no avail, and despite everything, Fred stayed to dinner. On his return he remarked, "Nice girl, isn't she? But, goodness, what grub!" And yet, there was still another victim to Luna's power. Alas! for humanity! To think that the subdued and dignified captain of '83's ball nine should thus fall! Let it go down to posterity as a sad monument to human weakness, that Harsha recited "The Maniac" on the beach, by moonlight, to a company of—one. But time and space would fail us to tell of all their adventures, haps and mishaps. A number of us remember the concert at Stony Brook, when George Howell was surprised by the unexpected appearance of a light, and when "Eyes down" became a proverb. When the Trenton concert was first talked of, some one suggested that Jerry Haxall be asked to accompany the club.

"What for?" demanded Richie.

"Why, for first tenor, of course."

"One first tenor's enough," Richie replied.

"Well, you can sing second tenor."

"Pooh!" was the answer, "we can make a dog-gone sight bigger tear with me than with Jerry."

Richie tried to explain this away afterward, but it wouldn't do.

As all our other college ties are now severed, so also is the S. S. S. come to an untimely end. The last songs are sung and the last receipts pocketed. *Requiescat in pace.*

Class-mates, my work is done. How well or how ill the story of four years is told, is for you to decide. Four years of constant companionship have knit about us the bonds of a brotherhood which the fast succeeding months have but served to draw closer. Together we have borne the heat and burden of the day, on the athletic field as in the lecture-room. No conflict of interests, no disturbing clique or fac-



tion, has ever even threatened the ties which have made of us a unit. There is but one saddening thought as we meet for the last time. There is more than one well-known face missing, more than one who answers not at roll-call. Some are already out on the "world's broad field of battle," while others have spread their sails across that "shoreless sea whence no bark has ever turned its homeward prow." As we glance at the past their memories linger still, and remind us of our earlier days. Let us hope that our lives may be marked by that same honesty of purpose which shows pre-eminent in the incidents which it has been my pleasant task to narrate. Once more, comrades, hail and farewell!

No more, loved Alma Mater,  
Thy pleasant halls we throng;  
To-day they loud re echo  
Our cheerful parting song.

Thy memory ne'er can leave us  
By mount, or plain, or sea,  
So three rousing cheers, and a Tiger, boys,  
For the days of Eighty-three!



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